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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1 25 Per Year

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CHASED BY AN ITALIAN MOB.

Young Man Named Wheeler Had an Exciting Experience at Ormsby Saturday Night.

HIS FRIENDS CAME TO THE RESCUE.

Quarrel Started in a Pool Room and Two Italians Arrested. Hard Cider Figures in the Matter.

E. W. Wheeler of Ormsby on Monday caused the arrest of John and Jim Fast, Italians, who run a pool room at that place, on a charge of assault and battery. Constable E. W. Jones served the warrants and brought the men before Justice B. L. Knapp for hearing Tuesday afternoon.

Judging from accounts of the case a sort of a feud existed between Wheeler and the Italians. Wheeler entered the room Saturday afternoon and commenced to play pool with a friend. He had been drinking hard cider that he claimed was obtained from the defendants and in the language of the street "was feeling his oats." He pocketed the 13-ball in his clothing when his opponent was not looking with the aid of his [illegible] this was skillful [illegible] peculiar in Ormsby [illegible] Wheeler [illegible] Jim Fast grabbed Wheeler and took [illegible] away from him. He then shoved Wheeler across the room. John Fast was not slow in coming to his brother's assistance. He slapped Wheeler in the neck. Things were happening fast, in fact two Fast, to suit Wheeler. He started for the door and happened to think of the 13-ball in his pocket and started to return it to the proprietors, without moving from his tracks. Therefore they came hastily to his side and saved him the trouble.

Wheeler went outside and another Italian named Sam Panarum also hit him with considerable violence. Then the landscape suddenly became alive with Italians, and some of them showed revolvers and knives. Wheeler started to run and the mob went in pursuit.

The fugitive developed great fleetness of foot, in fact he surprised himself. Urged on by 75 yelling Italians, it is claimed, Wheeler shattered all track records for short or long distances. Finally several of Wheeler's friends took a hand in events and conducted the young man to a place of safety where he remained until the mob dispersed.

At the hearing Wheeler was represented by Attorney G. B. Mayo and the defendants' side of the case was looked after by Attorney F. D. Gallup. The evidence showed that the Fast brothers took no part in the pursuit of Wheeler and that the whole affair seemed the outgrowth of some previous trouble. Therefore the case was settled by mutual agreement.

In discharging the defendants 'Squire Knapp warned them if they were selling hard cider or any intoxicating drinks, they had better stop or they would get into trouble. "All-a right, I cut 'er out," earnestly remarked John Fast.

Social at the Baptist Church.

A very pleasant social evening was held at the Baptist church last evening. The members of the Salvation Army, who were so popular during their recent visit of a month to this place, spent yesterday here, while enroute from Mt. Jewett to Shingle House and materially assisted in the rendering of an excellent musical program on this occasion. The church was crowded and all thoroughly enjoyed the entertainment.

After the program was finished an excellent lunch was served in the parlors and the multitude passed the time in social intercourse until a late hour. It is such gatherings that make the church and church work of any denomination pleasant and popular. A silver collection was taken and a goodly sum realized.

Wind and Water.

The heavy rains of last Friday and Saturday overflowed the streams in this vicinity and the lowlands were soon under several feet of cold muddy water. The reports of damage down the river tell the usual springtime story, but the loss by flood is not so extensive as in previous years. The Shawmut train was unable to run to Lanbee Saturday and as a result a number of people missed their trains.

The heavy wind Saturday tore things around Smethport for a few minutes. The Backus block was partially unroofed and windows were broken in the court house, school house and in numerous other buildings. Signs were blown down and fruit and shade trees suffered severely in the gale.

Dr. Burg Chadwick.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has his office over the Palace Pharmacy where he will be pleased to meet all his old patients and friends. Prompt attention given to calls day or night.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

It appears from a proclamation of reward now offered for Mr. Jeff Davis, C. C. Clay, Geo. N. Sanders, Jacob Thompson and W. C. Cleary that the Government of the United States have indubitable evidence that the parties above named are all guilty of conspiracy against the life of President Lincoln. For the securement of Davis $100,000 is offered; for Sanders and Clay $25,000 each, and for the rest of the parties $10,000 each. This announcement has taken the country by surprise. Whatever may have been the estimate of Mr. Davis and his government there were few indeed who could have believed him guilty of entertaining such a wanton, cowardly and villainous thought as the cold-blooded destruction of the President of the United States. He was usually regarded as being far too high-minded to be actuated by any motive of such gross character and should there be no mistake about the available testimony said to be against him the name of the [illegible] President, destined to be enshrined in the hearts of many, must sink into profound ignominy and derision and go to posterity arm in arm with J. Wilkes Booth the assassin of good President Lincoln. But what must we say of those gentlemen who have been enjoying the hospitality of Canada [illegible] Sanders, Thompson, Clay & Co. Well [illegible] a proper appreciation of these gentlemen. We [illegible] being the case after [illegible] again, Cleary may forgive. Let the [illegible] be sifted and weighed and if there is no mistake, as we have a right to assume there is not from the issuing of the proclamation, let them be hunted down like beasts and compelled to take shelter beyond the pale of humanity, there to learn the first principle of our Christian civilization. Cleary is now under bail at Toronto for a breach of the neutrality laws and we believe Sanders is still in Montreal; Clay is in Europe and Jeff. Davis is said to be twelve hours ahead of Stoneman's cavalry in Georgia or Mississippi.

The dwellers on the western borders of McKean, ere the autumnal harvesting, will be surprised to learn that they have been felling their timber and tending their flocks upon the crust of a vast Petroleum Sea.

Geology, the natural revelation of the Great Builder, tells us that here, within the Ancient Devonian rocks, distorted by great upheavals, we will find the reservoirs, prepared ages anterior to the birth of man, to receive and preserve from destruction the essences of the vegetation of countless centuries.

Here have lived and died, apparently, the giant pines, compared with which the world-famed trees of California and the cedars of Lebanon are as pigmy shrubs. We write they died apparently, but their spirits, their blood, their vital sparks have been resting undisturbed within their rocky tombs and are now, according to the all wise purpose, to be brought forth for the future benefit of man. Nothing perishes, and in the vast accumulations of coal and petroleum we behold the concentrated and sublimated strength of millions of succeeding growths of ponderous trees. If these forests had really perished and coal not been, what would have warmed the dwellers of the cities? Trees would have disappeared entirely and men forced to gather within the tropics to await their future growth.

Petroleum is destined to supply a want that coal could not fulfill and the extraordinary usefulness of which is at present but little known.

This last and greatest gift of nature, a necessity to every household, the ultimatum of utility, abounds within the rough ravines of the Kinzua in quantities befitting a sea, and thus we designated it at the commencement of these "crude" remarks.

A correspondent writes: "The hills of McKean are covered with a beautiful plant destined to be a successful competitor of the Chinese tea. A quantity suitably prepared will be in the market the coming autumn."

The accomplices of Booth in the murder of President Lincoln are now on trial in Washington. It is stated that Jeff. Davis will be arraigned and tried before the same court as an accessory before the fact. These people are being tried before a military tribunal of which Maj. Gen. David Hunter is president.

Married, on the morning of May 14, 1865, at the house of the bride's father, by Rev. L. L. Rogers, S. M. Davis of Oil City and Miss Juliette C. Barrett of Smethport. No cards. This young couple just starting out on the pilgrimage of life carry with them our best wishes for their future welfare and happiness. May their future continue as bright and pure as the gold coin which accompanied this notice.

WANTED—Wanted one energetic solicitor to represent the Grand Union Tea Co. at Smethport and vicinity. Good opening to right party. Small bond required. Call or address Grand Union Tea Co., 6 West Washington St., New Castle, Pa. 7-6t.

Criminal Court Proceedings.

Com. vs. Jos. Delaney, assault and battery, guilty.

Com. vs. Geo. Falls, larceny, guilty. This case attracted considerable interest. Falls in a good natured wrestling bout with a bartender at Kane, threw him to the floor. The bartender then drew a $50 bill from his pocket and offered it to bet Falls that he could not do it again. Falls snatched the bill and would not give it back, hence his arrest and conviction.

Chas. W. Wilson was tried for stealing an overcoat from Charles A. Reed. Wilson borrowed the coat from Reed, with whom he was boarding, and then pawned it. He claimed that he was drunk at the time he pawned it, and did not realize the consequences of his act. The jury found him not guilty.

Com. vs. Henry C. Pillsbury, charged with rape. A motion to quash the indictment against him was argued Wednesday afternoon, and overruled. The court instructed the jury to find him not guilty.

M. A. Nushtam was found guilty of selling renovated butter, and as the jury recommended extreme mercy, the sentence was suspended and he paid the costs.

Joseph Sweeney, charged with an unmentionable crime, was tried in the library of the court house. The first two counts of the indictment were quashed on account of technicalities, and the defendant was tried for assault and battery and was found guilty.

William Dewitt, who stole the overcoat hanging in front of H. W. Rubin & Co's store in this place two weeks ago, pleaded guilty to a charge of larceny.

Thos. Barnett, the man who broke into Cannon Bros. store at Lewis Run pleaded guilty.

The case of the Commonwealth vs. J. M. White, charged with rape, was tried in the library of the court house. The facts of the cases against White are quite well known and it is unnecessary to state them here. The evidence in the case brought by Della Hawthorne is unprintable, but the girl, who is only 12 years of age, told a straight story, as did the other little girls who figured in the similar cases brought against the defendant. The jury promptly found him guilty.

In the library, Judge Reed heard a case of assault and battery, brought against Peter Haley of Bradford, by his wife, Julia Haley. This case had been continued from last October term. Haley was found guilty, and sentenced to pay three-fourths of the costs, and his wife to pay the other fourth.

William Frailer was placed under $500 bonds to keep the peace. It will be remembered that Frailer had trouble with Joseph Mills in the barroom of a Smethport hotel, some months ago, and threatened to cut Mills' heart out and made divers other threats of an alarming nature.

O. G. Nourse was found guilty of a charge of assault and battery, preferred by his wife. Nourse lives at East Smethport. There was no question as to his guilt, and the court sentenced him to pay $1 fine, costs, and spend the next four months in jail.

SENTENCES PRONOUNCED.

J. M. White was sentenced to 10 years solitary confinement in the Western penitentiary. White was found guilty in the case brought against him by Della Hawthorne and pleaded guilty to three other similar indictments.

William Dewitt, for stealing an overcoat, was sentenced to serve three months in the county jail, pay a fine of $50 and the costs of prosecution.

Thomas Barnett, the self-confessed burglar who was caught at Cannon's grocery store at Lewis Run, some time ago, was sentenced to pass three years of his life in the Western penitentiary and pay a fine of $100 and costs.

J. Delaney, who without provocation struck a young colored man who was sitting in the Erie depot, Bradford, was sentenced to serve 10 months in the county jail and pay fine of $100 and costs of prosecution. Delaney "got gay" as sentence was passed upon him and as a consequence will serve a month longer sentence than he would have received had he kept his month shut.

Joseph Sweeney, the person who was charged with attempting to commit an unmentionable crime was sentenced to pass 10 months in the county jail and pay a fine of $100 and costs of prosecution.

Ed. McKinnon, charged with larceny of an overcoat, was sentenced to serve three months in the county jail and pay a fine of $50 and costs of prosecution.

Notice to the Public.

The Smethport Turkish and Russian Bath Parlors have been leased by F. W. Price, the popular bath man, who has been its former manager. If you have a touch of grippe or bad cold or any natural ailments due to bad blood, etc., call at the bath house and take a Turkish or Russian bath, and be convinced of their good qualities. They are recommended by the leading physicians. Ask about them. Your patronage solicited.

Maple sugar time is here. Get your syrup cans at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Use the Redfield mantle.

A WRIT OF MANDAMUS

Fails to Scare Commissioners into Paying County Detective's Bill.

COMMISSIONERS DEFINE POSITION.

Cogent Reasons Advanced for the Hold-up in Answer to Writ of Mandamus.

As stated last week the county commissioners refused to pay the bill presented by the recently appointed county detective, Thomas F. Hungiville, for salary and expenses. Thereupon a writ of mandamus was granted by the court, to which the commissioners have made answer as follows:

In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County.

Thomas F. Hungiville vs. W. P. Walsh, John Peterson and George Griffiths, Commissioners of McKean County.

No. —, June Term, 1903.

The return of W. P. Walsh, John Peterson and George Griffiths, Commissioners of the County of McKean, defendants above named to the writ of alternative mandamus, shows to the Court:

First. That the said W. P. Walsh, John Peterson and George Griffiths are the duly elected qualified commissioners of the said County of McKean in the State of Pennsylvania.

Second. That they and each of them entered upon the duties of their office on the 5th day of January, 1903.

Third. That the said defendants, nor any or either of them have ever been served with any notice to the effect that the said Thomas F. Hungiville was ever legally appointed as county detective, or that he now holds said position by virtue of any appointment by competent authority; and that if he ever has been appointed to said position the said appointment has never been certified to the said defendants, or either of them, and that there is no record in the Commissioners' office that such appointment was ever certified to the Commissioners of McKean County.

Fourth. The defendants admit that on the 25th day of February, 1903, the said Thomas F. Hungiville presented them with what purported to be a bill for his salary and expenses due him for the month of January, 1903, and demanded immediate payment of the same.

Fifth. That the said defendants refused to draw an order on the Treasurer of McKean County for the payment of said bill for the following reasons, to-wit:

(a) That the said bill was not properly certified by the clerk of the court of Quarter Sessions provided by section 2, of the Act of April 13th, 1876, P. L. 28.

(b) That the said bill contained items purported to be for the expenses of the said T. F. Hungiville for which the county is not liable, the Court of Quarter Sessions under said Act of April 13th, 1876, having no authority to provide for the payment of the personal expenses of a county detective.

(c) That the said bill contained charges for the full month of January when his pay was not to commence till January 5th, and expenses which were not expended by the county detective in the discharge of his duties as such detective, viz: "1903, January 13th, Erie a-e seeing ex-detective Sullivan in regard to office, fare $8.42; bill $4.00—$12.42."

Sixth. That the said defendants further answering say: That there did not at the time said appointment was made nor does there now exist any necessity whatever for a county detective in the said County of McKean; that the criminal courts in said county for a number of years past, only sit four times a year, and that the criminal business at each term of court is fairly taken care of and concluded within one week, and at times the said criminal court does not last over four or five days; that a large majority of the cases coming before said court for trial are of a petty nature, and which do not require the assistance of a county detective to investigate the same; that the criminal business before the Courts of McKean County is not increasing, and if anything, is diminishing each year.

Seventh. That the said defendants further answering say: That the payment to the said county detective of one thousand dollars per year and expenses, is a useless, needless and improper burden upon the taxpayers of said county, that the appointment of a county detective is unnecessary, and that it is for the best interests of the county that the same should be discontinued.

Eighth. That the said defendants further answering say: That they are informed and believe, that a large majority of the inhabitants and taxpayers of the said County of McKean are opposed to the continuance in the said position of the said Thomas F. Hungiville, or of any other person, as county detective.

Ninth. That the said defendants further answering say: That this court has no jurisdiction in this proceeding for the following reasons, viz:

(a) That the petitioner has adequate and specific remedy at law.

(b) That there are disputed items in the account which the defendants claim to be illegal, and for which the county is not liable.

(c) That the Act of May 19th, 1874, P. L. 218, and the supplement of April 13th, 1876, P. L. 28, under which this appointment was made are unconstitutional in that they offend against Article 14, Section 2, of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Wherefore respondents respectfully ask the court to revoke its approval of the said appointment, at the end of the present month, and to declare vacant the said office of County Detective in the said County of McKean, and that they be hence dismissed with their reasonable costs.

Signed,
GEORGE GRIFFITHS,
JOHN A. PETERSON,
W. P. WALSH,
Commissioners of McKean Co.

Quiet and Far Reaching.

The American Sunday School Union in doing its work in the county finds some conditions surprising, to say the least, and accomplishes results that ought to arouse the interest of every reader of these lines. The editor met Mr. George J. Henderson, "district missionary" for this section of Pennsylvania, the other day, and gleaned the following facts:

Between May first and December first of this year, Mr. H. O. McClaren, county missionary, resident at Smethport, has organized 22 Sunday Schools in McKean county alone with 76 teachers and 650 pupils. 90 Bibles have been distributed and 94 sermons preached. In the services held 25 have professed conversion, and as many backsliders have been reclaimed. Six of the places organized now have regular preaching. The new schools are located as follows:

Marvin Creek, Curtis, Lindholm, Coal Creek, Wrights Corners, Norwich, Kansas Branch, West Eldred, Indian Creek, Foster Brook, Big Shanty, Timbuck, Lafayette, Aiken, Bingham, Open Brook, Riverside, Grimes, Marshburg, Song Bird.

It is surprising, indeed, to know that so many open doors confronted the organized churches of this county and the opportunities were left unused. In doing this work over 1,200 visits were made for prayer and Bible reading, and 2,190 miles were traveled, mostly on a bicycle.

Missionary McClaren went into one home where the man and wife had been married twenty-three years, and had never had a Bible in the house or a prayer offered there before. The wife is now reading the Bible through. In another home the man and wife had been married thirty years and no Christian worker had ever called there nor had prayer ever been made. In a meeting they were both converted and are now living for Christ. One of the reclaimed men is now doing active work reading and teaching the word. An old man was so quickened and helped by the meetings that he has since gone from house to house reading and praying with his neighbors. In the meetings at Marvin three were converted who were over fifty years of age, and three whole families were brought to Christ.

Mr. McClaren has found men and women who had not been in a church service for years, children who had never been in Sunday School, and many homes where a Christian worker never had made a call for a helpful purpose.

Similar work is being done in Potter and Warren counties.

It strikes us that this sort of work was pretty nearly what Christ intended his followers in all ages to do. The speedy and complete reclamation of humanity to the true standards could be accomplished, if the work along this line that waits to be done was being done.

"But he, willing to justify himself, said, 'And who is my neighbor?'"—Kane Leader.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post-office at Smethport for the week ending March 2, 1903.

Bruce Davis, Geo. W. Richer.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The copartnership heretofore existing between H. W. Rubin and A. J. Warshofsky, under the firm name of H. W. Rubin & Co., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All claims against said firm are to be presented for payment to H. W. Rubin, to whom all accounts due the late firm are to be paid at the store formerly occupied by the firm, at which place H. W. Rubin will continue the business.

H. W. RUBIN,
A. J. WARSHOFSKY.

Smethport, Pa., March 3, 1903.

Carpenters' tools on hand—a full line of best makes. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Subscribe for the MINER.

TIOGA COUNTY MURDER.

Victim a Niece of J. C. Cunningham and Mrs. Jeremiah McCarty of Smethport.

Tioga county was aroused last week by the brutal murder of Mrs. George Payne at her home at Jackson Summit. Mrs. Payne was a niece of Mrs. Jeremiah McCarty and J. C. Cunningham of Smethport and had numerous other relatives in this place.

The deed was one of the most horrible in the history of the State. Mrs. Payne's body was found partly covered with straw in the barn near the house. She had been beaten to death. The weapons with which the assassin had accomplished her murder were in evidence. They consisted of farming implements that were in the barn. Two pitchforks especially bore evidence of having been used by the murderer to batter the head of the unfortunate woman. It is supposed that the object of the murder was robbery, as a sum of money that the Paynes had kept in the house was taken. A man named Myers, who had the appearance of a tramp and who had been harbored by the Payne family for three or four days, having been hired to do chores, disappeared after the murder.

A man supposed to be Myers was arrested in Canandaigua, N. Y., a few days after the deed was committed, but it is claimed he is not the man wanted. The Elmira, N. Y., police department is doing all in its power to assist the Tioga county authorities. It is [illegible] Myers left Binghamton, N. Y., last Tuesday enroute for New York city, where he undoubtedly intends to take passage for Germany. Ocean ports will be notified by cable to be on the lookout for the man.

A reward of $1,000, of which, it is understood, J. C. Cunningham of this place contributes $200, is offered for the apprehension of Myers.

A $39,000 Piano Sale.

The purchase by Denton, Cottier & Daniels of George F. Hedge & Co.'s business is one of the most important transactions which ever occurred in Buffalo's piano trade, the consideration being over $39,000 spot cash.

George F. Hedge & Co. were one of the oldest and most respected piano concerns in Buffalo and enjoyed an enviable reputation for selling pianos of character and reliability. Their unusually large stock was selected for this season's trade and it is a matter of regret to their many friends that they were forced to retire from business.

However, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." Denton, Cottier & Daniels secured the stock at a great sacrifice and removed the entire collection of pianos and organs to their warerooms, Nos. 269-271 Main street, where they offer all of Hedge's fine pianos as well as a large selection from their own surplus and renting stock at about half the usual prices.

Included in this sale are such well-known makes as Steinway, Ivers & Pond, Kranich & Bach, Fischer, Krakauer, Vose, Crown, Bradbury, Ludwig, Smith & Barnes, Richmond, Steck, A. B. Chase and many others. You run no risk in buying one of these instruments as Denton, Cottier & Daniels give their ironclad guarantee with every piano and if it is not convenient to pay cash, they sell on very small monthly payments.

This would seem to be an excellent opportunity for anyone wanting a bargain in a reliable piano of standard make and it would doubtless pay to write to Denton, Cottier & Daniels, or, better still, make a visit to Buffalo and see what they have to offer.

Council Meeting.

At the meeting of the borough council last Monday evening the newly elected burgess, Chas. McKean, and Councilmen Redfield and Ostrander were sworn in by retiring Burgess Brownell.

Alfred Hagberg was elected president of the council; Guy B. Mayo was elected borough treasurer and Miss Octavia Ramer was chosen secretary.

At this meeting it was decided to put on a day police and Frank McCarty was chosen for the position.

No selection was made for the office of street commissioner for the following year. There were three candidates for the position, namely, Andrew Ness, the present incumbent, Henry Biever and Olof Hector. We understand the vote stood Ness 3, Biever 1 and Hector 3. Several ballots were taken without any change in the result and the meeting finally adjourned without making a choice.

Farm for Rent.

The Bayer farm in Sergeant township, one mile from Clermont, is offered for rent. Tenant must take possession this spring; all the necessary farming implements will be rented with the farm. The farm will be rented only to one who will engage to keep stock.

L. BAYER ESTATE.
Clermont, Pa., Jan. 5, 1903.

The MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75, cash in advance.

Do you want a heavy wagon or buggy? Call at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

THE SPARK OF GENIUS

BY HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright, 1902, by Charles W. Hooke.

I WAS "the gentleman who has the back parlor," and this is a title of distinction at Mrs. McAndrew's. One feels like Sir Somebody, or at least as if one had the right to put a few letters after one's name. In fact, in a recent communication to Mrs. McAndrew inclosing the amount of her weekly charge for the accommodations I signed myself John Chandler, G. B. P.

Our landlady is a widow of middle age, a good hearted, simple minded woman who lives ever as if in the sight of the late Mr. McAndrew and will die gladly when her time comes to join him. He was a very superior man, she says, and so highly educated that she could not understand more than half of his conversation, but she loved every word. She occupies the small front parlor, which is separated from my room by folding doors with heavy, somber curtains, and I had supposed that this barrier was impervious to sound, but one afternoon when I was dressing for dinner I heard a woman's voice, loud, strained and angry, forcing its way through doors and curtains.

"How dare you! How dare you!" it cried.

I was just putting on my coat, and I paused with an arm through one of the sleeves. Again that voice was uplifted, even more strenuously. "How dare you! How dare you!"

Now, upon a question of the rights and safety of such a good woman as Mrs. McAndrew I would fight a man nine feet high, or two of them if necessary. I slid into my coat and through the curtain sociably with a single movement, and my hand was upraised to smite the heavy doors when I heard our landlady's calm voice very close, as if within a yard of me.

"I think that was very good," she said.

"We'll go back," said a masculine voice which I recognized as that of Horace Wilton, a young man who lives on the top floor. "You didn't tell Lionel? You didn't tell me?"

"Oh, I'll answer you no more!" exclaimed some one whom I now knew not to be Mrs. McAndrew. "Believe what you please of me. I want no more of your help. Let me go! Let me go!"

"Keep it up! Keep it up!" said Wilton excitedly. "Don't drop down. 'Let me go!' Let me go!' Frantic, you understand. Now try again."

I let the curtain fall and stepped back into the middle of my room, [illegible]. Not over the comic scene which I had supposed to be in progress in the hushed and sacred precincts beyond those doors would have surprised me nearly so much as the reality. A theatrical rehearsal in my landlady's parlor!

The bell which rings when dinner is ready sent forth its summons. I stepped out into the hall just in time to meet Mrs. McAndrew. Behind her I saw Wilton and a very pretty girl who sits beside him at the table. She does not live in our house, but comes here for her meals. I had understood that Wilton and Miss Lee were engaged, but I had never given any especial thought to the subject of the young lady's occupation. She had been among us only a week or two, and she was so quiet and modest that she succeeded in almost effacing herself, despite her good looks. I found it impossible to believe that she was an actress, that it was she whom I had just heard declaiming hysterical lines under the direction of Wilton and with the complicity, even with the praise, of Mrs. McAndrew. Such was the fact, however. Her eyes were still red from the shedding of emotional tears, and I noticed during dinner time that she would be shaken now and then by tremors of excitement.

Wilton is a thin, tall, intense sort of fellow, quite handsome in his own peculiar way and very much of a gentleman. After dinner he took occasion to say that he hoped I had not been disturbed, and Miss Lee added her own hope that I hadn't heard anything, because she had done it so badly. I fished up some sort of a compliment which did not seem to impress her; but when I confessed my surprise at learning what her profession was she flashed a sharp glance of interest upon me out of her pretty brown eyes. It was the kind of look that goes through a fellow's head.

"You'll be more surprised, I think," said she, "if you ever learn that I'm a good one."

The insight and the truth of this remark staggered me. It was a fact that I had not been impressed by the little that I had heard. It had sounded strained and forced. Moreover, Miss Lee was not my notion of an actress.

The morrow was Sunday, and Mrs. McAndrew favored me with a brief call in the afternoon, and we talked of Miss Lee.

"You'd never think she was an actress, would you?" said she. "It's such a pity. I asked Mr. Wilton why he let her go on the stage. They're engaged, you know."

"What did he say?" I inquired with considerable curiosity.

"He said that she had genius," replied Mrs. McAndrew in a quaintly reverential tone.

"Now what does this woman know about genius?" said I to myself. "What can she possibly care about it?"

"Mr. Wilton has genius, don't you think so?" she continued. And I was pleased to reply heartily that I had read some of the gentleman's stories and believed that he was on his way up toward the top of the literary tree.

"It must be grand when two people of that kind love each other," she said, with a sigh. "She can be so much more to him."

So this was the explanation. Poor little commonplace Mrs. McAndrew was trying to help another woman to be what she herself had never been. She was permitting her apartment to be turned into a dramatic school in the hope that Miss Lee might develop the divine spark of genius and so be a fit mate for a man who had it.

"He's so nice to her," said she, referring to Wilton, "and he has such perfect confidence. He never lets her despair. Sometimes she wants to marry him and give up the struggle."

"But why" I began.

"That's what I say," she interrupted. "But they both feel that way. They say she must have her career, and he

I RUSHED OUT INTO THE HALL.

says she shall have it first if he has to wait ten years for her. I think that's dreadful, to waste your youth like that. But if it's the way to bring her up to him I suppose it's right."

Then she came down to the actual news of the matter. It appeared that Miss Lee had played only small parts and had had indifferent success in them. She had seemed likely to miss an engagement altogether in the current season and had shed many tears about it, but Wilton had kept her spirits up. Suddenly an unhoped for chance had come to read a leading part in competition with several other actresses of much greater reputation.

"I don't think she'll get it," said Mrs. McAndrew, "but Mr. Wilton says that that doesn't make any difference. It's a question of doing your best, he says."

"There may be something in that," I admitted.

On the following afternoon I had the pleasure of hearing Miss Lee again. The ease with which sound traveled through those black doors and heavy curtains was amazing and proved to me what a mouse for stillness my landlady must have been. I was home rather earlier than usual that day, and for a full hour I heard a most distressful outcry. When I first came in Miss Lee seemed to be pleading that somebody shouldn't be told of something.

"Don't tell Lionel! Don't tell Lionel!" she reiterated. And Wilton was all the time insisting that she didn't take it hard enough.

Then they went back to a hysterical scene, and it ended in a case of genuine hysteria, with Miss Lee weeping upon our landlady's bosom and declaring that she would never, never, never amount to anything; that she might as well give up and marry Mr. Wilton if he could still care for her. And I could hear Mrs. McAndrew soothing her and telling her that she spoke her lines "perfectly lovely," while Wilton paced the floor with a heavy tread and remorselessly called upon the poor girl to brace up and try it again.

For my own part this and subsequent rehearsals convinced me that Miss Lee did not possess what the late Mr. McAndrew had called "the spark." By my way of thinking she was strained and unnatural, and Wilton was all the time trying to make her more so. He would say constantly: "Build it up! Hold it up! Work! You've got to suffer in this part. That's what it's for. That's what genius is for—to voice the cry of the human soul. I want to hear your soul sobbing in agony, and then I'll be satisfied."

This seemed unkind from a man who loved her, but tender hearted Mrs. McAndrew approved the sentiment.

One day I ventured to say to our landlady that I thought Miss Lee had mistaken her vocation. The effect was remarkable and unexpected. Mrs. McAndrew looked at me with a sort of pitiful distrust, with a pained surprise, and from that time she never mentioned Miss Lee's efforts and aspirations.

A few days later the agony in the front parlor seemed to culminate, and I heard no more of it. I judged that Miss Lee had had her reading and had been found wanting. She appeared at the table always with a look of despair, and there were dark lines under her pretty eyes. Mrs. McAndrew never passed her chair without laying a caressing hand upon her shoulder, and it was [illegible] that the poor girl [illegible]

As for Wilton, [illegible] thinner, more [illegible] the phrase is, than ever before. Sometimes I was upon the point of getting him into my room for a good long talk, but his manner was forbidding.

And then I got a considerable shock. It came from a morning newspaper, wherein I beheld a two column picture of Miss Lee, with some lines beneath it to the effect that on the following Monday she would replace a certain well known actress in a certain newly famous role. I recognized that role. I had heard it through the black doors a great many times.

I took the earliest opportunity to congratulate Miss Lee, Mrs. McAndrew and Mr. Wilton, but they were all in a trance.

It will be guessed that I had a seat in a certain theater on Monday evening, and there sat Mrs. McAndrew and Wilton just ahead of me. I could see our landlady lay her hand upon his arm in a motherly fashion now and then before the curtain went up. I had caught the infection and was prayerfully nervous. I had very little idea what was said on the stage until Miss Lee appeared, and then I came to myself. She looked very charming. I had had no idea that her beauty would "carry" so well, and the surprise was welcome.

When she began to speak I saw that she had greatly improved; she seemed more like a real actress. And when she won her first applause I glanced loyally at Wilton. He seemed to be sinking slowly down into his seat. His head was drawing itself slowly in, like a turtle's, and it had nearly disappeared by the end of the first act. It came out again during the second and then slowly subsided.

In the following intermission I found him in the smoking room. He was walking back and forth, and he seemed to be eating a cigar. I took him by the hand, and he stared at me.

"Miss Lee is great," said I.

He shook his head.

"She is making a hit," I insisted. "They're applauding her all the time."

"Blast them!" he said with fervor. "They've switched her clean off the track. That first burst of applause—confound it! She is thinking of her success, and it is spoiling her, killing her."

"But surely the encouragement"—

"There are two kinds of encouragement," he interrupted. "One is this sort of thing, and the other is the everlasting dissatisfaction that she's had from me, the dissatisfaction that never loses confidence, that always shows the goal, but never falsely says that it is attained."

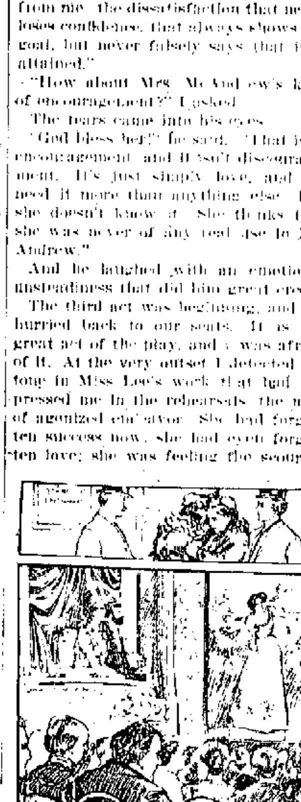
"How about Mrs. McAndrew's kind of encouragement?" I asked.

The tears came into his eyes.

"God bless her!" he said. "That isn't encouragement and it isn't discouragement. It's just simply love, and we need it more than anything else. But she doesn't know it. She thinks that she was never of any real use to McAndrew."

And he laughed with an emotional unsteadiness that did him great credit.

The third act was beginning, and we hurried back to our seats. It is the great act of the play, and I was afraid of it. At the very outset I detected the tone in Miss Lee's work that had impressed me in the rehearsals, the note of agonized endeavor. She had forgotten success now, she had even forgotten love; she was feeling the scourge.



HE SEEMED TO BE SINKING SLOWLY INTO HIS SEAT.

And then suddenly I felt that pain enter my own breast, and in an instant Miss Lee disappeared, and I beheld the woman of the play—the tortured creature whose secret was being wrenched from her heart to her own destruction. In its proper place I recognized its reality. It had been different in Mrs. McAndrew's parlor. This was what Wilton had been whipping out of the woman he loved. This was what he had toiled and grown thin for.

At the end of the act, while they were calling Miss Lee before the curtain, I looked at Wilton. His head had come up from between his shoulders. He was happy, triumphant. But Mrs. McAndrew was a total wreck, and her face was buried in her hands and two handkerchiefs.

I was permitted to go around to the stage door with them after the show. Miss Lee took Wilton's hand, and they exchanged one quick glance. Then the girl fell upon Mrs. McAndrew's shoulder and sobbed, "I owe so much to you, so much to you!"

Our landlady patted her on the back in the old way and told her very absurdly that she had "done splendidly."

The Last Dueling Clergymen.

"When did clergymen cease to fight duels?" is a startling inquiry in Notes and Queries. It will be news to many of us that they were ever fond of that exhilarating pastime. But, as a matter of fact, the Rev. Mr. Allan fought a duel with Lloyd Delany, Esq., and killed him in Hyde park in 1782. He was convicted of manslaughter and fined 1 shilling plus six months in Newgate.

His Usual Preference.

"What kind of meat have you this morning, Larry?" asked the board of trade operator.

"Well, sir," said the butcher, "I've got some fine bear steak and some beef that's just bully"—

"H'mph! Give me some lamb!"—Chicago Tribune.

Quite Another Thing.

"He was unable to meet his bills, I understand?"

"Well, that's where you're wrong. He couldn't dodge them."—Chicago Post.

BEING A GOOD FELLOW.

It Is a Losing Game in the Long Run For Most Men.

Any sensible young man ought to know that he can't be up late nights abusing his stomach and be in full possession of his faculties for business the next day, and he ought to know also that a man must be clear headed and in full possession of his faculties to hold his own in the keen competition of life. Your "good fellow" is popular for the time being, but when his money is gone and he has lost his job and is on his uppers the "good fellow" business doesn't get him anything. It's "poor fellow" then, another good man gone wrong, and "the boys" are ready to hail another "good fellow" who has the price.

We don't mean by this to say that "the boys" are mercenary. They don't altogether pass up a "good fellow" when he goes broke, but it isn't the same. They say he hit the booze too hard and couldn't stand the pace. They feel sorry for him, but he is out of it. His good fellowship doesn't excuse him even in the eyes of his friends for having thrown away his opportunity.

The young man who gets the sleep his system needs, is temperate in his habits, lives within his means and shows up for work in the morning with a clear eye and active brain—that's the man business men are looking for. They want employees whom they can trust. Having worked hard and laid by a competence, they want to throw some of the burdens off, and they won't throw them off on the employee who is too much of a "good fellow."

Cut it out, boys. There's nothing in it. There's a whole lot of nonsense in that "good fellow" business. You can't fool the public very long by living beyond your means and keeping up appearances. There must be a showdown some time or other, and that means a loss of self respect and many bitter experiences. Many a bright and promising young man has failed because he tried to travel in too swift a class, whereas had he lived within his means he might have become a highly successful merchant.

The world doesn't give up its treasures easily. It isn't in the cards for all of us to be millionaires, and mighty few of the "good fellows" get into that class. It's better to earn your way first and go hunting for good times when you have reached the point where you can spare both the time and the money. Then possibly you'll have more sense and have a different notion about what a good time is.—Toledo Bee.

An Enemy of Pansies.

There is one enemy for which the pansy lover must watch like a lynx, and that is a little green worm that seems made on purpose to devour pansies. Where he comes from or why he should exist at all is a mystery. But if you find your little plants stop growing and see the leaves perforated with small holes and your blossoms gnawed behold, your enemy is there. Eternal vigilance alone will save you. Your face must be brought to the surface of the ground. Kneel and turn up every leaf. Doubtless you will find the small green monster curled up and lodged, sucking out all the juices of the plant and so becoming exactly its color, which makes him so difficult to find, and if not checked he will utterly destroy it. He will devour it in a few days.

The Boy.

A boy is an odd piece of furniture, but he is the ground and chief ingredient of the man. Delude not yourself with the belief that the boy is not all he pretends to be, for he is a great deal more. He is an incomprehensible fellow to any one but another boy, and because he will presently grow into the awkward between hay and grass period that separates boyhood from manhood, and to a lumbering idiot then, don't signify that he is an idiot now. He never is. But his chrysalis state fetters him and makes him seem like one sometimes.

The boy is all right.

He Succeeded.

A man arrested for murder bribed an Irishman on the jury with £200 to hang out for a verdict of manslaughter. The jury were out a long time and finally came in with a verdict of manslaughter. The man rushed up to the Irish juror and said: "I'm obliged to you, my friend. Did you have a hard time?"

"Yes," said the Irishman; "an awful time. The other eleven wanted to acquit yer."—London Answers.

Dreams Explained.

"Dreams," says an eminent lecturer on theosophy, "consist of recollections of the combined impressions received and workings of the physical and astral minds. The soul and subconsciousness are independently active, and it is the confusion arising from the confounding of the thoughts of the soul with the exaggerated interpretation of impressions received by subconsciousness which makes it so often impossible to remember dreams."

Softer.

"I have no doubt you have heard some stories to my discredit," he said.

"I don't like to put it in that way," she quietly replied.

"How then?" he hopefully asked.

"I have never heard any stories to your credit," said she.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Precocious Youth.

Walter (aged five)—Papa, when I grow up may I get married?

Papa—My son, I regret to see you anticipate trouble so early in life.—Chicago News.

One on the Minister.

Rev. Tubthumper—I've been preaching this morning to a congregation of asses.

Lily Sugarstick—Yes; I noticed you called them "beloved brethren."—Ally Sloper.

After a man passes fifty he finds that his hopes have to be jacked up and repainted twice as often as ten years before.—Atchison Globe.

ENJOYING A SHOW.

A Charity Concert in London and the Audience It Attracted.

The audience certainly was a terrifying one. The front rows of the big hall were filled by old women very severe or else smiling the perpetual smile of vacancy. Then came a grimy group of dock hands. Their wives, some of them in charge of three babies apiece, were all over the room. The girls came in huge feathered hats and yelled high pitched witticisms to the gangs of young hooligans whose one desire seemed to be to wreck the show. Indeed they contributed even more audibly to the entertainment than did the performers, while the clergy who patrolled up and down seemed on excellent terms with everybody, but quite powerless to control a good part of the audience.

Somebody opened with a piano solo. Really people might have more sense than to choose a Chopin nocturne for such an audience. The pianist was twice told to "go and get an organ." There was a shout for some time unknown to us, and after that the rendering of Chopin was permanently drowned in general and stentorian conversation. A girl with ambition to become a professional next sang, amid audible comments on the plainness of her frock, and she quitted the platform in awful silence. Bertie and his cello had an even worse time. He was invited to "get his hair cut," which was certainly a piece of timely advice, and at the first deep notes of his instrument there were anxious inquiries if he was in pain. As this had a perceptible effect on irritable Bertie, there were general offers to attend his funeral and more advice to the effect not to take "that old geezer out with you when you go courting." By this time the troupe were terrified, and the rector had to mount the platform and request some sort of order.—Outlook.

A RAZOR'S EDGE.

Minute Teeth, Like Those of a Saw, Make Its Keenness.

The edge of a razor consists of innumerable points or "teeth," which if the razor is of good material follow each other throughout its whole length with great order and clearness. The unbroken regularity of these minute "teeth" goes to make up the blade's excessive keenness. The edge acts upon the beard not so much by the direct application of weight or force as it does by a slight "seesaw" movement, which causes the successive "teeth" to act rapidly on one certain part of the hairy growth. The best razors, according to the microscopists, have the teeth of their edges set as regularly as those of a perfectly set saw.

This explains the magic effect of hot water on the razor's blade, the act of dipping it thoroughly cleansing the teeth of any greasy or dirty substance with which they may have been clogged. Barbers often claim that razors "get tired" of shaving and that they will come all right after awhile if permitted to take a rest. When in this "tired" condition a microscopic examination of the edge shows that constant stropping by the same person has caused the teeth or fibers of the edge to all arrange themselves in one direction. A month of disuse causes these fine particles to rearrange themselves so that they again present the heterogeneous saw toothed edge. After this little recreation each particle of the fine edge is up and ready to support his fellow, and it again takes some time to spoil the grain of the blade.

Verdi Was Right.

When Verdi was putting the last touches to "Il Trovatore," he was visited in his study by a privileged friend, who was one of the ablest living musicians and critics. He was permitted to examine the score and run over the "Anvil Chorus" on the pianoforte. "What do you think of that?" asked Verdi. "Trash!" responded the connoisseur. Verdi rubbed his hands and chuckled. "Now look at this," he said. "Rubbish!" said the other, rolling a cigarette. The composer rose and embraced him with a burst of joy. "What do you mean?" asked the critic. "My dear friend," cried Verdi, "I have been making a popular opera. In it I resolved to please everybody except the purists, the great judges, the classicists like you. Had I pleased you I should have pleased no one else. What you say assures me of success. In three months 'Il Trovatore' will be sung and roared and whistled and barrel organed all over Italy." And so it proved.

A Safe Proceeding.

Lord Lyons, English minister at Washington during the civil war and afterward ambassador to France, was a diplomatist to the core. He was exceedingly tactful in action and had the rare art of keeping his own counsel.

When Sir Edward Blount called upon him one day at the embassy in Paris he found that a well known journalist had preceded him. The visitor was laying down the law in a loud tone, and when, after his departure, Sir Edward was received, he took the liberty of saying:

"May I be allowed to ask if it is quite wise to discuss state secrets in such a loud tone? I heard every word that was said, my lord, as I sat in the anteroom."

"Ah!" said Lord Lyons. "But even then you could not hear what I said, for I said nothing."—Youth's Companion.

The Cherokees and Polytheism.

The Cherokee Indian was originally a polytheist. To him the spirit world was only a shadowy counterpart of this one. He had no great spirit, no happy hunting ground, no heaven, no hell—all of which ideas were first introduced to the American aborigines by Christian missionaries. Consequently death had for him no terrors, and he awaited the inevitable end with no anxiety as to the future. All his prayers were for temporal and tangible blessings—for health, for long life, for success in the chase, in fishing, in war and in love, for good crops, for protection and for revenge.

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March 1, 1900.

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Pharmacy is a growing science and the druggist to-day who fills prescriptions must be up-to-date as well as his stock. Pure drugs, sciedtific service and reasonable prices are all combined when your prescription is filled here.

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COME IN AND SEE

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the post office at Smethport as second class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, March 5, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

There is no question about March coming in like a lion.

—The Catholics of Bolivar have purchased a parish house. The purchase price was $2500.

—Mrs. S. R. Lindsley has been confined to her home this week, the result of an attack of grip.

—Henry Green has leased to F. H. Nourse his farm in Keating township for a term of five years.

—Bricklayers in San Francisco get $6 a day for eight hours' work, with double pay for Sundays and holidays and time and a half for overtime.

—A church benefit entertainment will be given Saturday evening, March 14, at Turtle Point Union church, by Prof Ault's singing class of that place.

—The ladies of the Union Aid Society will serve warm sugar and other refreshments at the Union church, East Smethport, to-morrow (Friday) evening.

—Eddie Glavin, the hustling news agent, now sells the MINER on the street Thursday afternoon and evening. If you want extra copies of the paper see Eddie.

—Mt. Jewett is worried over a scare of diphtheria. A number of school children are supposed to have been exposed to this disease and two are seriously ill with it.

—Chas. W. Oberg has been reappointed postmaster of Mt. Jewett. Mr. Oberg has been the postmaster at that place for the past four years and has given general satisfaction to the public.

—Bradford was damaged to the extent of several thousand dollars by the flood of last Saturday. Part of the wall of the burned I. O. O. F. building in that city was blown over Saturday, but no one was injured.

—"Say not ye there are yet four months, and then cometh the harvest?" is the Rev. Patterson's text for next Sunday morning at the Methodist church. His subject for the evening is "Why Continue in Sin?"

—Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Price take this means of thanking their friends and neighbors for their kindness during their late bereavement. Also the Metropolitan Insurance Co. for the prompt payment of all claims.

—A request for the works of George Eboy and Augusta G. Evans has been made by the inmates of the county jail. If any who are willing to contribute to the library will leave the same at McCoy's drug store they will confer a great favor.

—Albert A. Knapp of Indianapolis, formerly of Hamilton, O., who has just married his fourth wife, was arrested last week for the murder of his third wife. After close questioning by the police he confessed to having killed his three wives and two other women.

A colored man in a New Jersey town ate 36 fried eggs, two pounds of crackers and a pound of cheese at one meal recently. By so doing he won a wager of 36 cents. He has offered to eat six full grown chickens at one sitting, provided someone will furnish the chickens.

—Senator Pettus of Alabama the other day disproved the prevailing theory that all seats in the United States Senate are expensive and that that body is altogether a millionaire's club. He sent to the Secretary of State of Alabama the sum of $1 in a postal note to cover the entire expenses for his recent unanimous election. This sum represents the fee of the Secretary of State for his services. So far as known this is a record in the minimum price for seats in the Senate.

—The romance of a beautiful American girl, in which the fight for a throne figures prominently, is the basis of "The Garden of Lies," the most fascinating love story since the "Prisoner of Zenda." From start to finish the tale teems with adventure and excitement. The plot is novel and well handled and there is not a dull line in it. Though it is a story of valor, it is first of all a love story that will strike a sympathetic chord in every reader. Be sure to read this striking romance in next Sunday's Philadelphia Press. Order it of your newsdealer in advance.

—William Moss, Kate Carter, Lizzie Moss and Fred Jones, all colored, were arrested yesterday morning on a warrant issued at the instance of Sadie Dorsey, charging them with assault and battery. The principals reside in the Whitechapel district and the arrests were the result of a family quarrel. At a hearing before Alderman Egbert at 2 o'clock, William Moss was placed under $200 bonds and the others $100 each for their appearance at court. Lizzie Moss furnished bail, but her companions were not so fortunate and they will be taken to Smethport to-day to await trial.—Yesterday's Bradford Era.

Homeseekers' Excursions.

The Nickel Plate road will sell special round-trip homeseekers' excursion tickets first and third Tuesdays each month until April, 1903, at exceedingly low rates. Through service from New York City and intermediate points via D. L & W. and W. S. roads. Three fast through trains each way daily. Inquire of local agents or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

For Sale

a good building lot near the Camp window and the bottle factory. Particulars from G. H. Hyde. 8t

SOME QUAINT ENGLISH.

Portuguese Idea of the Language In a Book of "Dialogues."

A book as [illegible] the rare [illegible] of a [illegible] student [illegible] is called "[illegible] New Guide [illegible]." It is supposed to instruct the Portuguese in English conversation, and the following is the [illegible] "For to Ride a Horse" is [illegible] of English conversation it supplies:

"[illegible] a horse who have a bad looks. Give me another; I will not that. He not will know to march, he is pursy, he is foundered. Don't you are ashamed to give me a jade as like? He is unshoed, he is with nails up; it want to lead to the farrier."

An anecdote in the book is:

"A day came a man for to consult this philosopher for to know at o'clock it was one to eat. 'If thou art rich,' told him, 'eat when you shall wish; if you are poor, when you may do.'"

In the preface the most elegant paragraph is the following:

"We expect then, who the little book (for the care what we wrote him, and for her typographical correction) that may be worth the acceptation of the studious persons, and especially of the youth, at which we dedicate him particularly."

The authors of this strange volume [illegible] Pedro Ca[illegible] [illegible] "[illegible] to know [illegible] learn it" [illegible] Record.

Satisfied His Curiosity.

The curiosity of the natives of [illegible] in everything belonging to the traveler often leads to amusing situations. Mr. J. W. Wells tells in "Three Thousand Miles Through Brazil" of his visit to one settlement where the shopkeeper of the place proved very inquisitive. He was a frequent visitor and would carefully examine the few belongings of the traveler. His curiosity was finally punished in a very funny manner.

On one of his visits, writes Mr. Wells, he found a bottle of [illegible]

[illegible]

I had to rush [illegible] to save my [illegible] as he staggered and gasped for breath and ejaculated "I am dying!" By dint of much slapping of his back and dousing of cold water he quickly recovered, but nevermore did he touch any of my things.

Moon Worship Among Many Peoples.

Figures of the moon [illegible] Tel or Tieth [illegible] the [illegible] shown by [illegible] Phoebus and [illegible] the Greeks [illegible] the same planet. The Romans had many gods. With them [illegible] was the moon, the daughter of Hyperion and sister of the sun. [illegible] the temple of Luna stood on the Aventine.

The [illegible], Germans and [illegible] were [illegible] worshipers, and in ancient Britain the moon occupied a high position in the celestial hierarchy of the Druids, who were always represented as bearing crescents in their hands. It is possible, too, that Andraste, the goddess to whom Boadicea appealed with outstretched hands, was the moon.

Old Enemies.

It is told of a Confederate veteran who fought in the Spanish war that in moments of excitement he thought he was fighting the Yankees. A biography of Kinglake, the historian, contains a similar story of Lord Raglan, a veteran of the Napoleonic wars.

In 1854 Raglan went to the Crimea. Two French officers were attached to his headquarters.

Several times the staff was embarrassed and amused at Lord Raglan's habit, due to old peninsular associations, of calling the enemy "the French" in the presence of the foreign guests.

Bound to Get There.

"Don't you think," said the generous minded man, "that you would feel more kindly toward your political rival if you could imagine yourself in his place?"

"My dear sir," answered the energetic man, "mere imagination won't do. I'm going to put myself in his place if it can possibly be managed. He has one of the best places in the government service."—Washington Star.

Getting Even.

Mrs. Von Blumer—We must have the Biggsbys to dinner. We owe them one.

Von Blumer—Of course. We passed an awful dull evening there, and it is nothing more than right that they should pass one here.—Brooklyn Life.

Making It Easy.

"You never allow yourself to read a book until you have read a review of it? Why is that?"

"Well, I prefer to use only predigested mental food."

Golden Weddings.

"But, papa, things have changed since you were young."

"Yes, they have. Folks used to wait fifty years for a golden wedding, and now they demand it at the start."

Then She Got Mad.

She (having nothing else to say)—It's funny how we ever came to think so much of each other.

He—Funny? It's positively ridiculous!

The noblest characters are those who have steered the life saving vessel through storm tossed seas. A bed of down never nurtured a great soldier yet.

After Dinner Oratory.

The [illegible] speaker has an [illegible] It is amazing what things people will applaud when they have the [illegible] of each other's company. They will listen after dinner to anything but reason. They prefer also the old speaker to new ones; they like the familiar taps of humor, of eloquence. If they have tasted the brew before, they know what they are going to get. The note of their mood is tolerance, but tolerance of the accustomed, the expected; not tolerance of the novel, the surprising. They wish to be at rest, and what taxes their minds molests their intellectual repose. They do not wish to climb any great heights to reach the level of the orator.—W. D. Howells in Harper's.

A Queer Relic.

In University college, London, is a singular object that is preserved carefully in a remote gallery inside a glass case, which again is contained in a large wooden cupboard, the doors of which are locked and the keys in safe custody. The relic which is thus so [illegible] in some [illegible] history of the college as the "[illegible]" of Jeremy Bentham, [illegible] always been understood that Bentham's body was [illegible] that case it cannot be [illegible] skeleton which is reposing under lock and key.

Pat Balanced It.

An Irish soldier attending school, which is compulsory when starting till after an examination has taken place, had great difficulty in bringing a sum to the correct answer.

"You are a shilling out, Magee," said the [illegible], "therefore you have [illegible]."

"[illegible]," said Pat, taking a shilling from his pocket, "take this, and it'll make the sum right. Hurroo! Succeed [illegible]"—Spare Moments.

Weather a Dangerous Topic.

Newitt—Well, there's one thing about the weather—it's always a safe topic of conversation.

Bo[illegible]—I thought it was today, when I met Ten[illegible], but when I started to speak of it he said, "Yes, it's unsettled, and that reminds me of that note of yours."—Philadelphia Press.

Good Tasting Medicine

Cod liver oil is in universal repute as the best body builder in wasting diseases, and the best reconstructor in recovery from severe sickness known to medicine.

Nevertheless, three-fourths of the people are really made sick by the taste and smell of cod liver oil. Half of them can't take it. Their stomachs either reject it, or are so upset by it that the dose does more harm than good.

Vinol is the only preparation of cod liver oil which contains no grease or bad taste yet does contain all the virtue of cod liver oil, and is deliciously palatable. It also contains organic iron. Iron gives quality to the blood. Almost every ailing person needs it.

The combination of these two elements with table wine is both scientific and effective. It has accomplished wonderful things right here in town. We think we are doing a service to every run-down, ailing, coughing, nervous, debilitated person in calling attention to Vinol. We sell it on its merits—money back if it does not help you. You run no risk.

Old people revive under its influence. Nursing mothers and over worked people get new vitality.

J. W. VOORHEES,

DRUGGIST.

WHOEVER

gets here first gets first pick. There are a small lot of $10, $11.50 and $12

SUITS and OVERCOATS

which will go at

$7.50.

'Tis your last chance to secure a genuine bargain.

Wm. Monheimer.

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

To get it we are willing to do anything that is right We have purchased the stock of

GROCERIES and GENERAL MERCHANDISE

of O. D. Bush and are determined to run an up-to-date store.

We have put a delivery wagon on the road and we will call at your house, take your order and deliver goods promptly.

Give us a trial order and if everything is not perfectly satisfactory tell us about it.

VOORHEES & McCARTY,

Bush Building. EAST SMETHPORT, PA.

Make Your Selection From These Brands:

WHISKIES	WINES
Hunter Wilson Guckenheimer	White Seal White Top
Tom Moore Seymour Club	Great Western
Meadville Rye	Imported Sherry Imported Port
Rose Club Private Stock	Tokay Catawba Rhine
Gibson and 15 others.	St. Julian and many others.

Cognac Brandies, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Jamaica Rum and nearly every popular brand of wine or liquor to be found in the country at very rsasonable prices. Call and look over my stock.

A. J. Warshofsky,

Reilly Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

Good Coffee or Tea

Does not hurt you even if some of the advertisements of these wonderful substitutes do tell you so. We have the finest line in the place, as well as a complete line of the best groceries.

Leave your orders by 'phone or in person and they will be delivered promptly at your home.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,

Lock Haven, Pa.

J. R. Flickinger, A. M., Sc. D., Principal

Spring term opens April 6, 1903.

Offers free tuition to prospective teachers. This institution is one of the foremost Normal Schools in the state. Has the handsomest and most modern buildings, a well educated faculty, and a beautiful location. It also offers excellent courses in Music, Elocution, Shorthand, and has an excellent College Preparatory Department. Expenses absolutely lower than in any other institution of equal rank. Address, for illustrated catalogue,

THE PRINCIPAL.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.,

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS - - - $30 000.00.

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver, and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds of Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
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DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
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FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY [illegible]

[illegible]

ADVERTISING RATES [illegible]

[illegible] ... five cents per line for each insertion.

Local advertisements, five cents per line for each [illegible]

Card, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

[illegible] and death notices inserted free.

[illegible] administrators' notices, $2.00 each.

All communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, March 5, 1903.

[illegible]

[illegible] ... Wesley [illegible] ... Buffalo for [illegible] ... New York papers will [illegible] ... of Pennsylvania [illegible]

[illegible] ... the actual [illegible] ... way out of it is [illegible] ... Bradford Conrant.

We [illegible] last week that some parents allowed their young children to sit in the court room and listen to the evidence in cases which were absolutely unfit for their ears. This is all wrong. Children learn enough of depravity and crime without having such things forced upon them by careless parents. The court room during the trial of criminal cases is no place for children, and parents should be careful to keep them away.

[illegible]

Washington Letter.

[illegible]

[illegible] ... Senator Cullom charged the Alabama Senator with [illegible] ... "That is [illegible] ... shouted Mr. Morgan, "I do not take orders from the senator from Illinois. When I want somebody to act as my Captain I will get a man with more mental calibre and broader mind" continued the enraged senator, to the amazement of his colleagues. Mr. Cullom permitted the Alabamaian to spend his wrath with remarkable composure and then declared that those charged with seeing the treaty succeed proposed that ratification follow. If the Senator from Alabama talked the treaty to death this session he would have an opportunity to attempt a repetition of his tactics in an extra session. Mr. Morgan's attitude is regarded as rendering an extra session of the Senate inevitable but Senator Cullom assures your correspondent that the Panama Canal and the Cuban treaties will be ratified if it becomes necessary to hold the senate in extra session until July."

The Democrats in the Senate prepared themselves for a long filibuster with a view to forcing a vote on the Littlefield anti-trust bill, but the Republican managers promptly defeated their purpose by calling for a vote on Senator Blackburn's motion to consider the Littlefield bill and defeating it 28 to 38. Senator Aldrich, speaking of the action of his party said, "It was was so obviously ludicrous to attempt to consider so important and far-reaching a measure as the Littlefield bill in the closing hours of the session that the Republicans had no fear that the judgment of the people would not sustain them." The Democrats appreciated that the consideration of the bill would be impossible but sought this means of embarrassing the Republicans and of making what they believed would constitute campaign material.

Democratic members of the House have held a caucus and resolved to obstruct every measure until adjournment. To meet this filibuster the House will, it is expected, be compelled to remain in continuous session until the 4th of March, substituting daily "recesses" for adjournment. Thus every action of the House hereafter will be "as on the legislative day of Feb. 26th." The occasion of the Democratic wrath was the unseating of Representative Butler of Missouri in favor of Representative Wagoner of the same district. Extensive frauds having been found in the election.

Practically all the important appropriation bills are now out of the way and there is no occasion to anticipate an extra session of the entire Congress although an extra session of the Senate is expected.

President Roosevelt has sent to the Senate a forcible message appealing to that body to pass the Philippine tariff bill already passed by the House. The President quotes a long cablegram from Governor Taft setting forth the necessity of affording this assistance to the Philippine industries. A careful canvass of the Senate reveals the fact that a majority would be glad to support the bill if given an opportunity to vote for it but Senators Teller and Patterson, both Democrats, from Colorado, declare their intention to talk the measure to death. These gentlemen are afraid that at some future time the Philippine sugar industry may attain proportions which will enable it to compete with their sugar producing constituents and thus rob them of some of the benefits of the Dingley tariff's schedules.

The President and his Secretary of the Navy are deeply concerned over the action of the Senate in amending the Naval appropriation bill to provide for 12,000 ton battle ships and 9,500 ton cruisers, the House having authorized 16,000 ton battle ships and 14,500 ton cruisers. On the same day that the Senate took this action the Naval Board on Construction rendered an unanimous opinion to Secretary Moody that it would be "harmful retrogression to build battle ships of less than 16,000 tons displacement and cruisers of less than 14,500 tons displacement." The Naval board says that a change to the smaller type of vessels will necessitate much unnecessary expense and delay as it will mean the changing of plans, patterns, etc., and, when the ships are built they will fail to give satisfaction or add to the strength of the Navy on lines commensurate with the expense involved. The President is thoroughly interested in the development of the Navy and is much disappointed at the action of the Senate committee.

President Roosevelt made a recent trip to New York to participate in the celebration of the anniversary of John Wesley. While there he conferred with some of the leaders of his party and some most interesting gossip is coming to Washington as a result of those conferences. The President's friends say that he will be nominated for the Presidency next year by the almost unanimous [illegible] ... and that [illegible] ... They say [illegible] ... young men and with President [illegible] ... Vice President but for [illegible] ... It is further [illegible] ... Mr. Roosevelt will remain in the White House while Senator Beveridge, who is an orator of renown will "stump" the west in the interest of the ticket. Mr. Beveridge, according to these persons, is very popular in the west and the President's popularity in that section is well known while his hold on New York [illegible] is continually growing stronger.

The War Department authorities, working under the provisions of the Militia Reorganization bill, have prepared a course in marksmanship with drill and instruction thereof for the militia and have designed a badge insignia to be awarded for proficiency in this direction. There will be seven classes, experts, sharpshooters and marksmen and 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th classes." It is believed the new regulations will contribute materially to the efficiency of the militia in this direction.

Development of the Pacific Coast.

The wonderful development of the Pacific coast is the marvel of all; the many business opportunities combined with the salubrious climate is drawing thousands. The Nickel Plate road will place on sale daily Feb. 15th to Apr. 30th special one-way tickets Buffalo, N. Y., to common Pacific coast points at $42. Through service from New York City and intermediate points via D. L. & W. and W. S roads. Tickets can also be used, with berth tickets, in the famous trans-continental tourist sleepers which leave Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday noon, and can be joined at Rotterdam Junction, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo enroute. Inquire of local agents or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.; or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y. A postal card will do, write now.

Nickel Plate Tourist Cars.

To accommodate the demand for accommodations in the famous Nickel Plate transcontinental tourist sleepers which formerly left Boston every Monday and Wednesday noon, a tri-weekly service has now been established leaving Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday noon via B. & M., W. S. and Nickel Plate Rds. Can be joined at Utica, Syracuse, Rochester or Buffalo enroute. Second class and special colonists' tickets available. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.; or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Low Rates to Pacific Coast.

Climate unsurpassed, business opportunities never better. The Nickel Plate road will sell daily Feb. 15th to Apr. 30th special one-way tickets Buffalo, N. Y., to Pacific coast points at $42. Good connections at Buffalo with all lines from the east. Splendid trans-continental tourist car service every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Exceedingly low rates to other points in far west. Inquire of local agents or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

For Sale.

A team, harness, wagon and sleighs all in good condition. Sold cheap to quick buyer. Address Powell & Gabriel, Cemetery St. 9-2t

STARVED OUT.

Many a garrison has been forced to give up the fight and hang out the white flag of surrender, when lack of food has weakened the men past all power to continue the struggle.

Many a man is similarly starved out of business. His digestion is impaired. His food does not nourish him, and, for lack of strength to carry on the struggle he turns his store over to another.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It restores strength to weak, nervous, run down men and women.

"About ten years ago I began to be afflicted with stomach trouble, also diarrhea," writes Mr. Wm. Walters, of Aurira, Mo. "In warm weather it grew worse, until it would throw me into a cramping chill. Was troubled so often that I sometimes thought my end had come. Tried many remedies but they gave only temporary relief. In November, 189-, thought I would try Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I got six bottles and took five in succession then thought I would wait for a time and take the one left. Soon found I had symptoms of the trouble coming back, so took the sixth bottle and it cured me. I have enjoyed the best of health this summer and the credit all belongs to your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I can't express my many thanks to Dr. Pierce for his remedy, for it did so much for me. Words cannot express how I suffered."

"If any doubt the above statement let them address me, and I will take great pleasure in answering."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse the bowels and stimulate the sluggish liver.

A Grouchy Husband

will recover his sweet disposition if these are on the breakfast table: Our Uncle Jerry's Buckwheat, 3 pkgs for 25c Pure Maple Syrup One dollar per gallon and Banner Oats or Mother's Crushed Oats.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

TH[E]

NEW YORK WORLD

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it is full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a-Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65.

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Gaskin & Grant.

NEWS STAND.

Cigars, Tobacco, Nuts & Candies Fruits and Vegetables in season.

We have in stock an elegant line of Stationery. Call and see it.

A NEW YEAR'S CALL

is an occasion of congratulation [illegible] such a call at our store is doubly so, because every caller becomes a lucky purchaser and we exchange congratulations over the fact.

Profitable purchases are especially pleasant now when pleasant experiences are in order. Now that calls are the proper thing, permit us to call your attention to use

Thornton & Chester's "Best" and Pure Gold Flour.

"The Breadmakers."

SHEPARD & GALLUP.

The Leading Grocers.

Fancy Prices Trampled Underfoot.

at our store. No matter how tempted we never allow profits to exceed what is reasonable. That is why our

FOOTWEAR

is sold at such remarkably low prices. Our standard of value is regulated by ourselves. It is the highest in this town. We sell

Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes

at prices which cannot be duplicated.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Shattered Health

can be repaired. There are remedies, if not certain cures, here for every ailment under the sun. Our stock of

Drugs and Medicines

is the most complete in the city. May be necessary for the physician to decide what the medicine shall be. We can fill his

Prescriptions

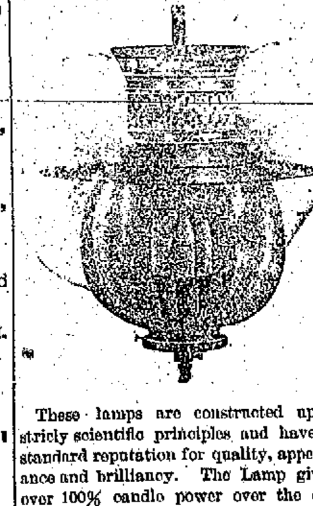
by compounding accurately the purest and freshest drugs. What cannot be found in our line of Proprietary Articles cannot be considered the best. We carry all that are good.

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

THE COLUMBUS ARC LAMP.



These lamps are constructed upon strictly scientific principles and have a standard reputation for quality, appearance and brilliancy. The Lamp gives over 100% candle power over the old way of lighting with single gas burners, with the same amount of gas consumed. Call and get our prices.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK, Smethport.

DISSOLUTION SALE.

The old firm of H. W. Rubin & Co. has on this day (March 3, 1903,) been dissolved by mutual consent. The business will be conducted at the old stand by H. W. Rubin. By March 25 Mr. Rubin has to realize a great deal of cash in order to make his obligations good, so will offer his stock of

Clothing,

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Boots, Shoes and Hats,

to the Public at a

GREAT SACRIFICE.

Remember the date only to March 25. Come early and secure first choice. Yours respectfully,

H. W. RUBIN.

PRICES OF WOOLEN GOODS REDUCED

Spring will soon be here and in order to make room for new goods now being received, have decided to reduce prices on all my woolen goods.

All odd pieces of men's, women's and children's underwear will be sold at cost, and many pairs of woolen hose have been placed on the bargain counter, where if you can find anything that will fit or suit you, you can get a bargain.

Will also sell felt slippers and shoes at cost while they last. Have only a few pair left.

Call and look over bargains before it is too late for they will go rapidly at prices I have put upon them.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., Dec. 20, 1902.

New Spring AND Summer Patterns

We wish to call your attention to our new line of Patterns for Spring and Summer

SUITS, OVERCOATS and TROUSERS.

Nearly all are one pattern pieces and our variety this year is larger than ever before. The fit style and workmanship are absolutely guaranteed. CALL AND SEE THEM.

Shillenn & Torrence,

The Leading Tailors

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Place Your Confidence in Us.

When there is illness in your home and the critical period approaches, you find your self wondering if the medicine is really the best that can be obtained. So much depends upon the medicine! Bring your prescriptions to us, and you can be sure that none but the highest standard drugs and chemicals will be used and that every prescription will be filled with as much carefulness and accuracy as if they were for one in our own family. We would like an opportunity to demonstrate these facts to you.

Wells Pharmacy.

January Reduction Sale

is now on and we are offering some fine bargains. Notwithstanding the immense trade we enjoyed, we have on hand a choice lot of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits and Overcoats which we are selling at a very liberal reduction. We advise an early inspection of these goods before the sizes are all broken.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

Full Line of Negligee Shirts Now Open.

Queen Quality Shoes. | **F. G. Lindholm & Co** | Standard Patterns

GREAT

SHOE BARGAINS

Our frequent and extensive End-of-the-Season Special Sales have taught hundreds of men and women a valuable lesson in economy. This week we call attention to Lively Doings in the Shoe Department.

[illegible] pairs of women's shoes [illegible]

Sale price [illegible]

40 pairs of Misses' Shoes, lace and button, regular $1.50 and $2.00 quality, good styles.

Sale price [illegible]

We have a few girls' and boys' [illegible] Boys' Shoes [illegible]

24 pairs of [illegible] Shoes, Black and Tan, strictly in style, but out of good wearing quality [illegible]

Sale [illegible] $1.25

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR SALE.

This [illegible] January [illegible] proved to be one of the best in our business career. The low prices did it.

The sale will continue another week.

New Spring Goods [illegible]

Wire Goods [illegible]

Laces [illegible]

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Now Heat Your Home Comfortably with a Jewett Reflex Heater.

Even if gas costs [illegible] per thousand, it would be cheaper for you in a REFLEX than [illegible] gas in other makes. This is a positive fact, and REDFIELD, the HARDWARE DEALER, will prove it to you or refund your money. It beats using coal at any price.

All people have been more or less worried on the fuel subject. The JEWETT REFLEX will positively settle your worry in the most satisfactory and economical way. It will pay you to buy a REFLEX because of its economy and HEATING POWER. Remember, your money back if you are not convinced.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

— Mrs. Sarah M. Sewell, aged [illegible] years and Mr. Wesley Martin aged 81 years were united in marriage on Sunday [illegible] Mr. and Mrs. Martin [illegible] Bradford Era.

— A young man named Corwin, who resides in East Eldred, was arrested three times on Tuesday by different police men, who thought he was Edward Myers, the murderer of Mrs. George Payne. He was arrested [illegible] Troy Gazette.

Peter Swanson [illegible]

[illegible]

PERSONAL MENTION.

Dr. H. L. McCoy visited Bradford Monday.

[illegible] Tuesday.

E. B. McCoy of Mt. Jewett was in [illegible] this week.

Hon. L. Rogers of Kane had business in town yesterday.

Mrs. Margaret Reilly is visiting her parents in Clermont.

R. C. Pickett of Warren spent Sunday with friends in town.

Walter Hamilton of Port Allegany was in town [illegible]

Rick Donovan of Kane had business in town Tuesday night.

[illegible]

R. M. Swisher of the Mt. Jewett News was in town Tuesday.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Mrs. Chas. McAboy and [illegible] of Johnsonburg [illegible]

[illegible]

Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] Henderson were in Warren [illegible]

Mr. and Mrs. A. McTaggart and [illegible] of Olean spent Sunday with [illegible] friends in town.

[illegible]

Mrs. D. L. Forsythe will depart Monday [illegible]

Mrs. Thos. Campbell, daughter, Miss [illegible] and Mrs. Wallace were called to New Castle last week by the illness of a relative.

[illegible]

Mrs. L. Powell of Bradford and [illegible]

Rags Formed Her Clothing.

[illegible]

[illegible] The older women fought desperately to remain in her squalor. When finally brought to the light the pair presented a most exceptional appearance. The young woman had on a garment that somewhat resembled a dress, but she was largely covered with rags sewed together, and was induced by the women present to don respectable appearing apparel before she started on the trip to the home, but the older woman flatly refused to make a change and never did a more unsightly specimen arrive at the home. From head to foot she was covered with all sorts of rags, sewed and tied on her body. Around her feet, hands and head were sewed rags, her feet resembling a couple of large platters, while her head covering made her head appear to be about the size of a half-bushel measure, only a small portion of her face being visible.

Years and years ago the woman began to sew the rags on her person and once attached they were never removed. She spent most of her time in bed for nearly a score of years, except at the times when she was engaged in adding to her motley covering. There was not a sign of a regulation garment on her person.

At the home the rags were cut from her body and the stuff more than filled a large clothes basket and weighed between eighty and one hundred pounds. Both women think that someone wants to poison them and neither will eat bread. The older woman has lived principally on fried apples and baked potatoes.

If interested in saving gas read Redfield's ad.

Use the Redfield mantle.

20 YEARS OF LIFE

is the average time allotted for a well cared for Plow. If a plow is to be your working companion for so many years, why not keep good company, the best is none too good for you. It is also very necessary to know that you can be supplied promptly with extras of all kinds to fit your plow.

Hundreds of the best farmers insist the "LeRoy Plow" is the best made. "Easy Draft" and "Easy to Hold." They are made by a strong Company Not in a Trust. You can see them at Palmer & Dodge's, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the post office at Smethport as second class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, March 5, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

— Spring-like weather.

— Holmes & Gilfillan have a change of ad this week.

— Lisba K. Kane of Kushequa is visiting in New York city.

— Will Fry of Buffalo has accepted a position as salesman with Fry & Herzog.

— A new improved gas range has been added to the kitchen equipment of the county jail.

— Lovers of fine stationery should be sure and read the new ad of Mary L. Bissett in this issue.

— Oil City had a $50,000 fire last night. The fire started in the dry goods store of W. B. James.

— We understand the first show in the new Lyceum will be held during the week of March 16.

— Editor R. M. Swisher of the Mt. Jewett News sprained his ankle as the result of a fall Tuesday night.

— Horace B. King has been seriously ill with pneumonia for the past week, but is some better at this writing.

— The order of Frogs are to be given a banquet by the successful candidates at the borough election held last month.

— After forty years of ceaseless toil, Thomas A. Edison is taking a vacation. He has gone to Florida on a fishing expedition.

— The high winds of Saturday last leveled six rigs in the Sartwell oil field. A barn was unroofed and considerable other damage done to property in that vicinity.

— The Burdick murder in Buffalo is still a mystery. The police appear to have some good clues which they are working on, but as yet no arrests have been made.

— Jury Commissioners Walter Ostrander of Liberty township and William Brooder of Sartwell were in town this week drawing juries for ensuing terms of court.

— The Cosmopolitan for March is, as usual, brimming with good things. "Beauty in the Modern Chorus" and "The Police Systems of Europe" are leading features this month.

— Morning worship at the Baptist church next Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock. Subject of sermon: "Suffering for Christ." Evening worship at 7:30, subject: "Remember Lot's Wife."

— Ithaca, N. Y., has a population of 13,136 and it is estimated that 486 of the inhabitants are ill with typhoid fever. The epidemic is still raging. Nineteen Cornell students have died of the malady to date.

— [illegible] glass manufacturers [illegible] Columbus [illegible] Steuting production. Another conference will be held soon.

— The Lenten season is being observed [illegible] by the Methodist church. The subject for meditation and for special services this week is, [illegible] The subject for next week [illegible] for a Higher Life."

— [illegible] various conferences being held in national glass circles find that an overproduction of glass is threatened. The majority of window glass factories throughout the county will suspend operations for the present fire April 15.

— Champion James Jeffries and ex-Champion Robert Fitzsimmons will be in Bradford on Thursday of next week. They will spar four rounds under the auspices of Company C. A special train from this place would probably be a paying venture.

— Hon. L. Rogers and Rick Donovan of Kane, members of the district committee of the State Board of Charities, were in town yesterday inspecting the jail and county home. The committee will present a report of their investigations to the State Board.

— Harry A. Scoville, a prominent lawyer of Coudersport and at one time a resident of Rixford, this county, died at his home in the former place on Friday, Feb. 20. He was aged about 52 years and was prominent in Masonic circles. He leaves a wife and three children.

— Editor Mundy of the Potter Enterprise has admitted that the Must Marry Club of Coudersport is somewhat of a myth, according to the Bradford Era. This information will undoubtedly be a severe blow to the East Smethport young lady of whom mention was make last week.

— The Smethport Plumbing Co. of Smethport, Pa., has just completed the work of plumbing the Brooks Run Hotel for H. W. Martindale at Lorsbaugh. W. S. Palmer is at the head of the above named company, and his contracts in this locality cover a wide territory.—Austin Autograph.

— As will be seen by notice in another column the firm of H. W. Rubin & Co. has been dissolved by mutual consent. The business will hereafter be conducted by H. W. Rubin, and he has something of interest to say in his ad this week. If you are in need of clothing of any kind don't fail to read the ad.

— A Williamsport doctor has made a hit with the colored population of that city by inventing a lotion that will take the kinks out of their hair. Gallons of the compound are sold from Williamsport drug stores every Saturday night, and the large colored population of that city is becoming straight-haired.

[illegible] Snowshoe railroad and when discovered it was going up the track toward Westons at such a rapid gait that the company employes were unable to catch it. A telephone message was sent to Westons where the car was stopped without damage, having made the trip of more than two miles up the river in twenty minutes.—Bradford Star.

How About This, Constables?

The Bradford Herald in an article telling of a "graft" overlooked by the constables in McKean county, says: The law provides that any owner of land who is convicted of allowing Canadian thistles to grow on his premises shall pay a fine of $15 to the treasury of the school district where such land is located. It further provides that it is the duty of the constable or supervisor to notify all persons to remove Canadian thistles and if the owner fails to do so within five days from the notice the constable shall cut them down and charge the owner of the land $2.50 per day.

There is not a township in the county where these thistles do not grow in abundance and a number of them may be found growing in the city. A constable could make good money cutting them down as it would only take a constable a few minutes to do the job and the law knows no part of a day and pays a full day's wages for any part of a day's service.

Ezra Bessie In Serious Condition.

Ezra Bessie was returned to the Buffalo hospital Monday and it is expected will undergo an operation after all. Mr. Bessie some time ago submitted to the extraction of a couple of teeth and the lacerated gums never healed. The wound ulcerated and blood poison was feared. He went to the Buffalo hospital where the surgeons thoroughly anaesthized the wound and calculated he would recover without an operation. But he has continued to get worse and is in a very serious condition.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Ezra Bessie formerly lived in Smethport.

Bank by Mail

and receive 4 per cent on your savings account. Pittsburg Trust Company, 323 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., compounds interest semi-annually. 2 per cent. on checking accounts. Capital, surplus and profits $8,000,000. Bank by mail.

MONARCH SHIRTS — BANNER PATTERNS

FRY & HERZOG

DRY GOODS — CARPETS — MEN'S FURNISHINGS

New White Goods.

We direct your attention this week to an exquisite line of 1903 white wash goods.

Our stocks are much more comprehensive than ever before and include practically all the wanted things in white cotton fabrics. Much use has been made of the mercerizing process in this season's products and charming results have been achieved. You will find among the lines represented Madras, Lace Lawns, India Linens, Victoria Lawns, Batistes, Nainsooks, Mulls, Organdies, Organzines, Ducks, Piques, Oxfords, Vestings, Silk Persian Lawns, Long Cloths, etc.

White Waists.

The new styles are coming in. There's some very fetching things in the heavy Vestings and Madras cloths for early spring wear. See them.

FRY & HERZOG.

SYRUP CANS, SAP BUCKETS & SPOUTS.

A FULL LINE OF TINWARE FROM THE CHEAPEST TO THE BEST

ANTI-RUST WARE.

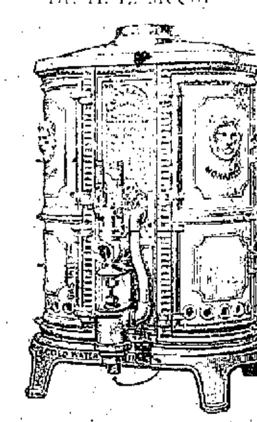
STOVES.

LUMBER, HARDWARE, BLACKSMITH SUPPLIES

HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Parties Using The Monarch Water Heater

In Bradford	In Smethport	In Bradford
L. E. Mallory	County Home	W. R. Weaver
L. Emery, Jr.	F. D. Gallup	C. V. Merrick
L. E. Hamsher	J. W. Barton	Dore C. Greenewald
B. M. Bailey	Dr. H. L. McCoy	Miss Zella Haffey
C. P. Collins		A. E. Harper
D. H. Jack		Wm. Hadley
Charles Lavens		James George
David Phillips		E. W. Bissett
R. J. Gaffney		Mrs. T. E. McCray
W. J. Bovaird		John Haggerty
John Eckhart		D. W. Robertson
Philip Nusbaum		Milt Melvin
John Wiess		Frank Hamilton
John Bird		Joseph Kilgore
T. J. Melvin		Claude Mitchell
E. N. Unruh		Harvey Rose
O. F. Schonblom		F. C. French
O. F. Spencer		St. James Hotel
S. A. Mundy		Hotel Holley
Charles Brown		Bay State Hotel
George Mills	Dr. E. R. Baker	Option House
Ike Ralph	Robert King	Central Restaurant
George Fagnan	George W. Mitchell	Geo. Moore "
D. McLaughlin	Orlo J. Hamlin	Y. M. C. A.



Smethport Plumbing Co.

W. S. Palmer, Manager. SMETHPORT, PA.

THE PRICE IS NEXT TO NOTHING.

Our Regular Annual Clean-up Sale Has Commenced.

CARPET REMNANTS

ODD PIECES OF FURNITURE.

In fact, everything goes. It means a saving to you to

"See Sloan First."

J. M. SLOAN,

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

Brasted's Home Made BREAD.

Patronize Home Trade.

A FIERCE FIGHT WON BY FORREST

A Fortieth Anniversary War Story

March 5, 1863

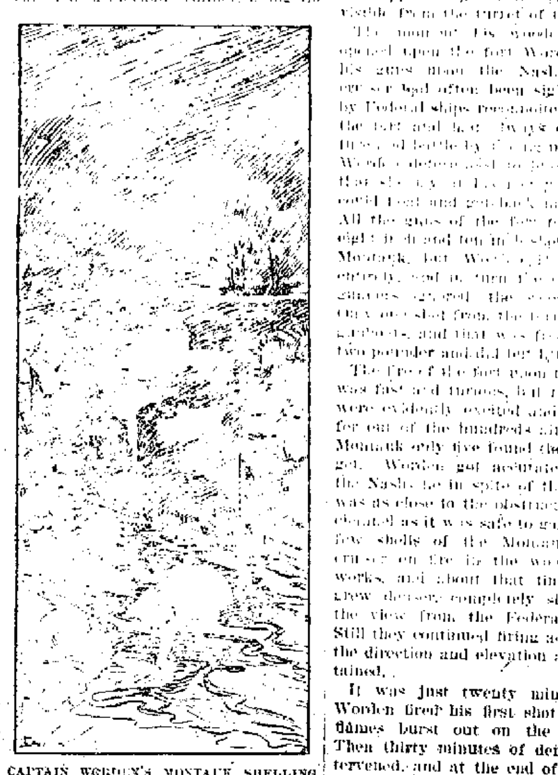
[Copyright 1903, by G. L. Kilmer.]

ON the 28th of February, 1863, Captain John L. Worden, the hero of the Monitor-Merrimac battle, won fresh laurels with a new and improved type of ironclad. While attacking Fort McAllister, Ga., with the Montauk, one of Captain Ericsson's later creations, he incidentally wiped out with hot shot the Confederate cruiser Nashville, the first armed cruiser put afloat by the south.

Worden's injuries in the fight with the Merrimac disabled him for several months. He joined Dupont's south Atlantic squadron in January, 1863, with the Montauk and lost no time in testing the new war engine. Admiral Dupont's task was to maintain a blockade against Charleston and keep the enemy's [illegible] to the points up [illegible] the [illegible] of Charleston [illegible] that [illegible] the [illegible] It was at the [illegible] of the [illegible] Dupont was [illegible].

At the time of Worden's arrival the Confederate cruiser Nashville was up the Ogeechee river watching for a chance to elude Dupont's vigilant fleet and get to sea. The ship had already made history as a daring blockade runner. She was a fine, swift sidewheel steamer built for trade between New York and Charleston. The Confederates seized her after the fall of Sumter, and she was sent out as a ship of war with an armament of two 12 pounders and a crew of forty men. In October, 1861, she ran the Federal blockade of Charleston and won the distinction of flying the first Confederate flag in English waters. She captured and burned a Yankee ship in the [illegible] and [illegible] several weeks.

In February, 1862, the Nashville was back in American waters and, by a daring trick, ran through the Federal blockading fleet into Beaufort, N. C. Running the fire of Burnside's blockading ships off Beaufort, she put in at Georgetown, S. C., where she was turned over to private owners and under a changed name had an exciting career as a blockade runner, flying the



CAPTAIN WORDEN'S MONTAUK SHELLING THE CRUISER NASHVILLE.

British flag. Finally she was bottled up in the Ogeechee by a flotilla of Federal gunboats. While waiting to escape the vessel was overhauled and fitted out for a Confederate cruiser under the name of the Rattlesnake, but the original name of Nashville always clung to her. While watching a chance to run out of the Ogeechee on Feb. 27 she grounded just above Fort McAllister.

During the time that the Nashville lay up the river Fort McAllister had been strengthened in order to make the cruiser's hiding secure from the Federals, who were watching her. The fort itself mounted nine guns. Across the channel below a diagonal line of piles had been driven and outside of them a bed of submarine torpedoes carefully laid to catch any ship attempting to pass the obstructions. Dupont sent Worden to try his guns against the fort as an experiment for the new type of monitor, several of them having joined his fleet for the purpose of attacking Sumter and the other forts in Charleston harbor. Worden would have taken in the original monitor, but she had gone down at sea on the trip from Fortress Monroe.

Worden made three dashes at the fort, and perhaps the third would not have been attempted but for the fact that while reconnoitering with a view to catch the Nashville on Feb. 27, when there was a dense fog over the river, he saw the cruiser aground above the batteries. Before the first attack the Confederate range marks for the gunners in the fort were skillfully removed by a party in boats. Then the Montauk steamed up to within 150 yards of the obstructions and threw out her anchors as a challenge for a gun duel. Like the original Monitor, the Montauk's deck was almost wholly submerged, and the enemy found her a very small target. She lay close under the fort for four hours and emptied her shell chests upon the works without doing the enemy any harm so far as could be seen by a glass.

Coming out of her first skirmish wholly uninjured, although the enemy's gunners hurled heavy shots against her iron sides, the Montauk only waited to refill [illegible] and then boldly started in again. [illegible] of the [illegible] Worden [illegible] Montauk [illegible]. The position of the [illegible] was fired at 7.15 o'clock in the morning. At 8.20 o'clock a shell aimed at the columbiad struck a forty two pounder gun near the columbiad, killing the gun chief, Major Gallie, who stood by encouraging his men. Worden's heavy shells razed the parapet in front of the guns of the fort, leaving the men in the batteries very much exposed, but they kept up a hot fire on the Montauk, moving their pieces from point to point to baffle the Federal marksmen.

Although the Montauk stood farther off in this attack than during the previous one, she was struck oftener, receiving forty one shots in all. Many of the missiles were [illegible], but they rolled off from the iron plates, leaving scarcely a dent.

When Worden steamed the Montauk up in front of Fort McAllister early on the morning of Feb. 28, a fog still hung over the scene, and, the tide being favorable, he anchored within 800 yards of the enemy's guns. At the same time three wooden gunboats and a mortar boat sent by Dupont to support the attack took station near the monitor and opened upon the fort. The Confederate cruiser Nashville lay stranded 1,200 yards from the Montauk beyond a marsh of tall canes. The upper decks of the cruiser were visible from the turret of the monitor.

The monitor [illegible] wooden consorts opened upon the fort Worden trained his guns upon the Nashville. The cruiser had often been sighted before by Federal ships reconnoitering around the fort and [illegible] always eluded [illegible] of battle by [illegible] Worden [illegible] that [illegible] could [illegible] and get back [illegible]. All the guns of the fort [illegible] eight [illegible] and ten [illegible] Montauk, but Worden [illegible] entirely [illegible] gunners [illegible] one shot from the [illegible] gunboats, and that was from a [illegible] two pounder and did but little damage.

The fire of the fort upon the monitor was fast and furious, but the gunners were evidently excited and desperate, for out of the hundreds aimed at the Montauk only five found the little target. Worden got accurate range on the Nashville in spite of the fog. He was as close to the obstructions in the channel as it was safe to go. The first few shells of the Montauk set the cruiser on fire in the wooden upper works, and about that time the fog grew denser, completely shutting off the view from the Federal gunners. Still they continued firing according to the direction and elevation already obtained.

It was just twenty minutes after Worden fired his first shot when the flames burst out on the Nashville. Then thirty minutes of dense fog intervened, and at the end of fifty minutes, the fog clearing, it was seen that the fire had increased. A pivot gun mounted abaft the mainmast of the burning cruiser exploded from the intense heat, and a few minutes later her smokestack disappeared under a good shot from the turret of the Montauk. The flames soon reached the magazine of the ship, which exploded with tremendous force, leaving the cruiser a smoking ruin. When the Nashville's magazine exploded, the Federal vessels ceased firing and dropped down the river, followed by random shots from the fort.

During his many trips up to the fort in the Montauk Worden had passed the Confederate torpedoes going and coming without meeting with harm, but in his last withdrawal the monitor ran upon one which stove a great hole in her side below the water line. The Confederates in the fort had seen the monitor pass and repass the torpedoes harmlessly so often that they gave no attention to her as she dropped away down the channel. Besides, the fog hid her from view of the fort, and Worden succeeded in beaching her out of sight of the enemy. In a few days the wound was repaired by bolting a piece of boiler iron over the gap, and the Montauk went back to her station on the blockade, doubly a hero in Worden's second monitor fight. She survived a fearful rain of shells as well as a torpedo thrust and had also snuffed out a Confederate cruiser that bid fair at one time to rival the career of the Alabama.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO, Bradford, Pa.

For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

"DOUBLE QUICK" LOANS.

Great Sums Often Hurriedly Raised by Wall Street Banks.

An interesting question often asked in Wall street concerns the amount of capital that a large bank could raise at an hour's notice. That is, how much accommodation could a bank extend a customer unexpectedly confronted with pressing need or for the purpose of financing a big deal. A banker of international experience is authority for the statement that Wall street's facilities in this regard are superior to London's in that a large undertaking could be financed here with much greater dispatch than on the other side.

Said an officer of one of Wall street's most important banks: "It is no trouble at all nowadays to raise $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 within an hour. I have seen it done too often to think for a moment that it would tax seriously a large bank's resources. Five times that sum, say $25,000,000, can be raised at twenty four hours' notice. It has been done. Of course no one bank could do it, but the great Wall street institutions are linked together in such a way as to provide almost unlimited resources for the financing of any safe deal. The large banks think little of $1,000,000 or $2,000,000 loans these days, whereas in former years they attracted [illegible] attention [illegible] such large [illegible] New York Mail and Express.

Pictures and the Eye.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, an eminent English painter and president of the Royal academy, commended the pictures of a young artist and then said to him: "You have around your room two or three rough, clever, but coarse Flemish sketches. If I were you, I would not allow my eye to become familiarized with any but the highest forms of art. If you cannot afford to buy good oil paintings, buy good engravings of great pictures or have nothing at all upon your walls.

"You allow, in intercourse with your fellows, that evil communications corrupt good manners. So is it with pictures. If you allow your eye to become familiar with what is vulgar in conception, however free and dashing the handling, and however excellent the feeling for color, your taste will insensibly become depraved. Whereas, if you habituate your eye to look only on what is pure and good or refined and lovely, your taste will as certainly become elevated."

Ether Drinking In Russia.

The habit of ether drinking is known to be prevalent in some parts of Russia, also in east Prussia, and all the efforts of the authorities to combat the evil have hitherto been almost fruitless. An idea of the extent to which the habit prevails may be gathered from records given in the Russian newspapers of a recent accident which occurred at a place called Trosno. Ether is drunk by farmers on festive occasions, when it appears to be consumed in pailfuls. A farmer celebrating his son's wedding in the fullness of his hospitality got in two pailfuls of ether. During the process of decanting the ether into bottles a violent explosion took place, by which six children were killed and one adult dangerously and fourteen others more or less severely injured.—British Medical Journal.

Found Them Hard to Raise.

A great gormand who had a passion for shellfish inherited a fine estate and a large sum of money. He had been extravagant, and his friends were greatly rejoiced at his legacy. Mr. H. Barry in "Ivan at Home" tells to what use the money was devoted:

I went to town one day and soon learned that the prince was in his usual impecunious condition.

"Where has your legacy gone?" I asked.

"Why," he replied, "you know that I am very fond of lobsters, and, having a river on my estate, I thought I would try to acclimatize them there, but unfortunately I have spent all the legacy in the attempt without succeeding. I quite forgot the water is not salt."

Short Great Men.

Oliver Cromwell, Claverhouse and Mehemet Ali must be content to take it out in brains, for they all lacked inches. Two of these great names naturally suggest that of another famous soldier and usurper, Napoleon Bonaparte. Le petit corporal, as his men lovingly called him, stood about five feet (French) in his stockings, say 5 feet 1½ in English. In stature the Iron Duke beat him by about six inches, while the 5 feet 4 of Nelson place him midway or thereabouts between the victor and the victim of Waterloo.

After It.

"Will your employer be in after dinner?" inquired the visitor of the office boy.

"Nope," was the laconic reply.

"What makes you think so?" was the next query.

"'Coz," replied the boy as he prepared to dodge, "that's what he went out after."—Judge.

An Obedient Boy.

Papa—Where is my new pipe?

Small Son—I—I broke it.

Papa—See here! I told you that if you took my pipe again to blow bubbles with I'd whip you.

Small Son—I wasn't blowin' bubbles with it. I was only smokin' it.

Cheap Life Saving.

Bill—The lifesaver has a thankless task.

Job—Why, I saw a man offer him a dollar yesterday for saving his life.

Bill—Perhaps that was all he thought it was worth.—Town and Country.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribnne one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

Paths In Africa.

It may be a surprise to the unenlightened to learn that probably no explorer, in forcing his passage through Africa, has ever for more than a few days at a time been off some beaten track. Every village is connected with some other village, every tribe with the next tribe, every state with its neighbor and therefore with all the rest. The explorer's business is simply to select from this network of tracks, keep a general direction and hold on his way. They are veritable footpaths, never over a foot in breadth, beaten hard and netted beneath the level of the forest bed of centuries of native traffic.

Like the roads of the old Romans, these footpaths run straight on through everything, ridge and mountain and valley, never shying at obstacles, nor anywhere turning aside to breathe. Yet within this general straightforwardness are a singular eccentricity and an indirectness of detail. And the reason is not far to seek. If a stone is encountered, no native will ever think of removing it; he simply walks around it. It would never occur to him that that stone was a displaceable object and that for the general weal he might displace it.

The Whale's Appetite.

A whale's appetite is phenomenal. His chief diet consists of jellyfish. He has only to open his mouth and paddle slowly along in order to fill his jellyish [illegible] the wagon load. Such is the method adopted by the whalebone whale. The sperm whale, on the contrary, captures huge squids weighing often several tons. Like his brother the whalebone whale, he must be constantly on the lookout for food; otherwise he would starve. As many as fourteen seals have been taken from a thirty foot "killer." Other fishes of enormous appetites are not uncommon. The bluefish, for example, thrives on sardines and other small fish. Assuming that one bluefish eats ten small fish a day, it has been figured that it requires 10,000,000,000 sardines to feed the 1,000,000,000 bluefish on our coasts every summer. Most curious of all eaters is the hydra, a strange creature that can be turned inside out without impairing its appetite or its power to eat.—Scientific American.

A Mistake That Paid.

Mistakes, made on purpose, are sometimes profitable, and a New York merchant illustrates it thus:

"A concern owed me $75, and repeated duns did no good. The debt was perfectly square, but I had no documentary evidence on which to base a suit, so I decided to be foxy and secure such proof.

"I sent a bill for $100, with a caustic letter, figuring that the concern would answer, repudiating the claim of $100 and saying that the amount was $75. Once I got this admission I would be in a position to sue.

"Imagine my surprise and pleasure when I received a letter from the manager of the concern apologizing for the delay and inclosing a check for $100."

Her Milking Stool.

He—Then, if you are willing, we will be married at once, but we will not live in the close, crowded city. I will purchase a little farm, and we will live on it and be as happy as turtle doves.

She—And I will be a farmer's wife.

"Yes, my darling."

"And what do you think, John? You won't have to buy a milking stool for me, for I've got one already."

"You have?"

"Oh, yes, the prettiest you ever saw, decorated with handsome plush and cherry colored ribbons."

Carlyle on Novels.

A letter of Carlyle's gives us the opinion of novels entertained by him in the year 1856. To a budding story teller he wrote to suggest that she should "shove her own novel well aside for a good while or forever and be shy even of reading novels. If she do read, let it be good and wise books, which not one in 10,000 of the kind now called 'novels' is." And yet Carlyle was himself guilty of at least beginning to write a novel.

Moons In the Solar System.

There are at least twenty moons in the solar system. Saturn alone has eight, the biggest of them, Titan, being nearly twice the size of the moon, and Jupiter possesses four, ranging in dimensions upward from Europa, just about as large as the orb of terrestrial night, to Ganymede, greatest of all known moons, with a diameter of 3,480 miles, whereas the moon belonging to this world is only 2,160 miles through.

A Fire Extinguisher.

A man made application for insurance on a building situated in a village where there was no fire engine. He was asked:

"What are the facilities in your village for extinguishing fire?"

"Well, it rains sometimes," he replied, with great simplicity.

A Great Invention.

Buyer—So this suspender is called the hydrophobic?

Drummer—Yes, sir; these suspenders shrink when the wearer approaches water, and when he gets near a puddle they contract, lift him over it and land him, dry shod, on the other side.—New York Times.

Wanted to "Realize."

Three-year-old Julia wanted to write Santa Claus to bring her a "shoot gun." When asked what she wanted it for, she said:

"I want to shoot one of papa's cattle and get the money out of it, for papa says there is money in cattle."—Little Chronicle.

The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.—Mencius.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT

SMETHPORT PA.

In good, reliable companies

Official Directory

STATE

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant-Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Lew G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McKiron, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—[illegible] Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. B. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Grubbs, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brooder.
Auditors—Calvin Eggleton, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Bowsch.
Council—James A. McKean, president; Mrs. [illegible] Colegrove, secretary; W. F. Walsh, treasurer; Charles McKean, [illegible], Alfred Hagerty, Thomas Cattis, J. A. Vernon.
Justices—B. F. Knapp, W. Stack.
Constable—C. N. Bates.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—[illegible]
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—[illegible]
Auditors—[illegible], John Eastman, Alex Clarke.
Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—Samuel Green, E. H. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
[illegible], W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. [illegible]
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—[illegible]
[illegible] SWAN, [illegible]
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—[illegible] Post, No. [illegible], meets first and third [illegible] at 7:30 o'clock, in the I. O. O. F. Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Knox Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Prove Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Tuesday afternoons.
[illegible] E. PEIRCE, Com.
LIZZIE E. HOTTIS, R. K. [illegible]

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, [illegible] at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Fin. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every afternoon Wednesday at 3 p. m. [illegible]
MRS. [illegible] PILCER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Priory, No. [illegible], meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pos.
MARY A. DENNING, [illegible]

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meet first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS. L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
I. F. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal.—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., Pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 24, 1901.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:14 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:39 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:39 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..........10:59 a. m.
Train 126, week days..........7:07 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..........9:14 a. m.
Train 123, week days..........2:39 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:18 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 7:30 a. m., Baltimore 2:30 a. m., Washington 4:05 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:30 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:18 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 9:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, (10:33 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.
10:20 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.
6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M. Lv.		Ar. P. M.
9 40	Ridgway	12 01
9 55	Johnsonburg	11 40
10 13	Glen Hazel	11 28
10 20	Straight	11 20
10 25	Instanter	11 16
10 31	Smith's Run	11 10
10 38	Woodvale	11 04
10 45	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 8, leaving [illegible] New York, [illegible] and Washington.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, [illegible] J. R. WOOD,
General Manager. Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect [illegible]

Trains Leave Smethport as follows:

[illegible] a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Crosby, Gilmore, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct., and [illegible], connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. [illegible] Mt. Jewett and Kane connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south and with the Penna. R. R. for points east and west.

1:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Crosby, Gilmore, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct., and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] CAMPBELL, [illegible] Agent, Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 14—Passenger Train Schedule
Effective [illegible]

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p m	p m	a m		a m	p m	p m
	1 50	8 10	lv Mt Jewett ar	8 00	[illegible]	
5 21	1 50	8 31	Hazelhurst	7 30	[illegible]	4 36
5 29	2 05	8 37	Marvindale	7 20	[illegible]	4 29
5 32	2 10	8 40	Kasson	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
5 37	2 17	8 47	Coryis	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
6 05	2 30	9 14	Smethport	7 10		
6 18	2 43	9 27	Farmers Valley	7 15	[illegible]	3 40
[illegible]	2 49	9 34	Coryville	6 56	[illegible]	3 28
[illegible]	2 55	9 44	Larabee	6 50	10 45	3 15

SHAWMUT DIVISION.

Southward Read down		STATIONS & Stewings	Northward Read up	
P. M.	A. M.		P. M.	A. M.
7 40	11 30	Clermont	[illegible]	8 15
7 52	11 42	Wellscourt	6 58	8 17
8 14	12 06	Wildwood	6 40	8 04
8 22	12 16	North Fork	5 38	7 52
8 29	12 28	Bear Runs	5 26	7 47
	AM			PM
8 45	12 25	St. Marys	4 00	7 25
9 00	7 20	St. Marys	11 05	6 47
	7 32	Kane	11 00	6 35
	7 40	Lane	10 32	6 20
	8 01	Kersey	10 30	6 16
	8 08	Ellion	9 50	5 44
	8 16	Hyde	9 35	5 40
	8 50			
AM	AM		PM	AM
	6 03	St. Marys	6 09	
8 05	6 00	Paine	5 42	8 05
8 22	7 00	Byrne	5 17	7 39
8 40	7 05	Weedville	5 05	7 05

Close connections at St. Marys, with P. & E. R. R. for all points East and West. At Clermont, for all points on W. N. Y. & P. R'y, or their connections.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

M. S. BLAIR, General Supt. C. H. HAMMOND, Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	L'v Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.59	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fld June	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.26
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.57
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

0—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y, and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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HIT of THE EVENING

By Richard Barker Shelton

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Despite the fact that he stood 6 feet 2 inches in his stocking feet and that the great muscles of his arms and chest were the envy of every man in the shop, Tommy Sanders had a heart as tender as any woman's. Even the dogs knew it, and many a homeless cur sidled whining up to him as he strode homeward at nightfall.

Tommy's back yard was generally the temporary quarters of a half dozen or more homeless mongrels. If the neighbors complained of the unearthly howlings, he would smile patiently and say: "Well, what's to be done? Would not have me turn 'em out to starve, now, would you?" And something in the [illegible] frank face and the deep, cheery voice always made the neighbors say, "No; oh, no!" most apologetically.

Tommy was a draftsman in the big molding mills on the outskirts of the town. The little home provided by his wages was presided over by his mother, a frail little woman, to whom Tommy was at once an idol to be worshiped.

"That soft heart of his will be his death," she often remarked. "Why, only last month he gave his coat to a dirty beggar and caught a fearful cold coming home without it."

The family physician, to whom she confided this bit of news, smiled immoderately.

"I'll tell you, Mrs. Sanders, I'd be willing to have a good many colds if I had a heart like Tommy's."

"And that last stray pup he brought home the other night got up from the cellar and chewed up Tommy's speech," she went on.

"The office at the mill has a dinner next week, you know, and Tommy is to be one of the speakers. And it was a real good speech he wrote too. He had all but the last of it by heart, and of course that was the very part the pup chewed up. Land! I've been all day trying to copy [illegible]."

The doctor [illegible]. "What did he do to the pup?" he asked.

"He?" said Mrs. Sanders. "Oh, just 'Poor old [illegible], trying to steal my thunder, were you?'"

Tommy laughed heartily that night at his mother's account of her attempt to copy the damaged speech. The part which was chewed [illegible] he set about to rewrite with the roguish pup wriggling about in his lap, and when he had finished his writing and committed the whole to memory he and the pup had a frolic which left the manuscript of the speech in sad tatters.

No one but Tommy knew just how much he counted on sitting at the long table with the officials of the mill and the invited guests. On his part he was determined to do his best. To this end he went over the lines again and again until he felt sure he could start in the middle and go either way. And on the evening of the eventful day, arrayed in his dress clothes, he placed the pup on a chair and, standing before him, exhibited the heavy dignity of the oration.

Tommy left the house with a light heart and his mother's injunction to "button his overcoat way up" ringing in his ears. His mind refused to stray from his speech. As he turned the corner he was mumbling to himself, "It is with some hesitation I rise to respond," when he was suddenly aware of a little group on the sidewalk gazing upward. Something on the spire of the old Wesley church attracted their attention.

"What is it?" he inquired of one of the men.

"Kitten," was the response.

Tommy strained his eyes, and in the fast dying light he could make out a tiny speck well up on the spire. In a moment speech and dinner were forgotten.

"Where's the sexton?" he asked, with sudden energy.

"In the house there next the church," some one answered him. A moment later Tommy was tugging at the doorbell.

"You the sexton?" he asked, and, as the man nodded, "Kitten on the spire there."

The sexton made some profane observations concerning trespassing felines.

"Get a lantern and come on," said Tommy. The sexton looked his disgust and then emphatically expressed it.

Tommy fumbled in his pocket and thrust a bill into the sexton's hand. That changed the complexion of things. The sexton got a lantern, and together they climbed the rickety stairs of the tower. At last they reached the top. Above them was a small trapdoor.

"Roof of the bell deck, eh?" said Tommy.

"Yep," said the sexton, raising the lantern. Tommy had shed his coat and overcoat and was fumbling with the hasp.

"Ain't going out there?" the sexton questioned incredulously.

"Sure," said Tommy. He flung the door open and crawled out. The keen air made him shiver. He grasped the lightning rod and stood up. Below him—far below him—were twinkling street lamps, and momentarily he was dizzy. He looked up. The lightning rod ran straight up the spire, and beside it, clinging tight and mewing faintly, was the kitten. That decided him. From the group below came a faint cheer. Grasping the lightning rod, he began to climb steadily upward.

It seemed an [illegible] climb. His breath came hard, his lungs seemed bursting, but always he worked slowly upward until he was abreast of the kitten. "Kitty, kitty," he called softly, and, cautiously [illegible] on one hand, he drew in the [illegible] little wretch and thrust it in his trousers pocket. Then he let himself slowly downward until he reached the trapdoor, crawled through and sat down on the rickety steps to regain his breath.

Presently he donned his coats, and with the kitten in his hip pocket he made his way to the street. A [illegible] once more on the ground, Tommy remembered the dinner, and even as the onlookers pressed forward to congratulate him he broke away and sped down the street to the hall.

When he reached the hall, the dinner was well under way. A glance at his dirty hands and the iron rust on his clothes made his heart sink within him, but with the help of some of the waiters he made himself fairly presentable. Still carrying the kitten beneath his coat, he made his way to his seat just as the toastmaster rose for the first toast, the one to which Tommy was to respond.

When the toastmaster had finished speaking, Tommy sat like a graven image until the man in the next seat gave him a rather pronounced kick under the table. Then he got unsteadily to his feet.

"It is with some hesitation I rise to respond," he began, "because er—because er" he gulped and glanced wildly about him—"because er hang it!" he went on. "I've forgotten every word of my speech. I [illegible] er—I had occasion on the way down here—to er—go up the lightning rod on the spire of old Wesley, and—er—that knocked it clean out of me, you know, and so—er." He paused and abstractedly fished the kitten from beneath his coat. It solemnly surveyed the assemblage and then gave vent to a long drawn "Meow!" as it settled comfortably in Tommy's big hands. A roar of laughter came from the tables, and, confused and blushing, Tommy sat down.

Soap in Shaving.

In spite of the fact that those who use the razor frequently cut themselves, yet it is rarely that anything more serious than a cut follows, the slight wound generally healing quickly, and the risk of septic mischief arising in this way would seem to be almost nil. In the majority of cases, therefore, it is clear that the razor blade must be bacteriologically clean, i. e., free from the septic matter which may be attributed to the fact that probably it is dipped into hot sterilized water before use or else that the soap lather is antiseptic. The latter explanation seems the more probable of the two. The amount of soap rubbed on the skin is considerable if the shaving is to be in any degree comfortable, and soap has considerable antiseptic power, a 5 per cent solution being sufficient to destroy the typhoid bacillus. There can be little doubt, therefore, that the skin is rendered sterile by the liberal application of soap, and this fact is in favor of any cut that may be made remaining healthy and without any serious consequence.

In a word, soap in the operation of shaving not only facilitates the process, but plays the same valuable role when the shaver is unlucky enough to cut himself as does the antiseptic in surgery.—Lancet.

Lost Arts of Childhood.

"We hear a good deal these days about the lost arts. I wonder if the world realizes that some of the most precious arts of childhood are in danger of becoming extinct. How many boys today can make a kite properly hung and with a tail sufficient to balance it? How many boys can make a bow with the ends nicely bent and worked down with a bit of broken glass?

"I interviewed my young nephew the other day and was thunderstruck to discover that he knew nothing about it. Could he make a water wheel, a windmill, an elder popgun, a jack o' lantern, a buzz wheel, an air gun from a goose quill with a sliced potato for ammunition, a willow whistle, a squirt gun? No; he knew nothing about them.

"'But surely,' I said, almost pathetically, 'you can make a cornstalk fiddle.'

"'Do you mean a violin, uncle?'

"Then I gave it up. I don't believe the youth of today know enough to stick feathers in a corncob and throw it into the air. I am going to write a book some day upon the arts of childhood to save them from utter annihilation."—Detroit Free Press.

Wasted All Three Wishes.

An Irish legend has it that a good fairy once visited an old couple and promised them that any three wishes they would make would be granted. After racking their brains for some time in an endeavor to discover what they desired most the couple decided to visit the county fair to see if something there would suggest what they wanted. They did so, and after rambling around all day and not seeing anything that exactly suited them toward evening they found themselves before a display of kitchen utensils. Among them was a soup ladle, cheap, but likely to appeal to a woman, so the old woman in an absent moment said, "Oh, I wish I had one of those," and immediately she had it. The old man was so enraged because his wife had thoughtlessly thrown away one valuable wish that he retorted, "I wish that was stuck down your throat," and immediately this was done. Thereupon he was at once sorry at what he wished, and the only thing left to do was to wish the ladle out again. So all three wishes went for naught.

OWEN MEREDITH.

A Dinner [illegible] That Elicited [illegible]

[illegible] given in London [illegible] to Lawrence Barrett [illegible] Lytton presided [illegible] Roman tragedy to sell to Wilson Barrett. That was why he came.

He eulogized Wilson Barrett in a speech. "I believe," he said, "that Mr. Barrett won some success with a [illegible] called (consulting his notes) 'The Lights of London.' I suppose it was the work of some dramatic hack." George Sims sat [illegible] and never said a word.

Then [illegible] "I [illegible] on the list of Mr. Barrett's [illegible] called 'The Silver King.' [illegible] I know nothing of the authors [illegible] the names of these dramatic [illegible] do not interest us." [illegible] Henry Arthur Jones [illegible] into the face of [illegible] Henry Herman.

"[illegible]," said Lord Lytton, "Mr. Wilson [illegible] has placed on the boards [illegible] he notably calls a Roman [illegible] 'Claudian' [illegible] W. G. Wills, of whom I [illegible] for the [illegible] All of them were [illegible] with Irving's pet poet [illegible] Wills. So they [illegible]

And Lord Lytton's tragedy, produced a month later, was a dismal failure.

Superstition About Cats.

In the Mont [illegible] it is believed that all the cats who wander [illegible] during the month of February are [illegible] witches, whom it is lawful and [illegible] necessary to shoot. A German superstition has it that if a black cat sits upon the bed of a sick man it is a presage of his death, while if after his decease it is seen upon his grave [illegible] to arouse doubts as to the [illegible] to which his soul has departed. [illegible] it is thought that [illegible] years [illegible] cat [illegible] the horse [illegible] If any [illegible] the horse will [illegible]

Life Saving Devices.

Mimicry among butterflies, moths and other insects would be of no use were it not a matter of life or death. Not a few moths [illegible] the [illegible] black mark, and two or more tails resembling the horns of their own heads. A veteran in warfare too seldom has these portions missing, a proof of the value in having a [illegible] life. Thus the lizards [illegible] which, first attracting the enemy, comes off at his touch, lets his would be prey escape. When at bay, crabs distract the enemy by throwing off their claws, and lobsters do the trick more neatly by seizing the enemy with a claw and then throwing off limb and enemy. Thus the bushy tail of the squirrel is accounted for. There is a chance of escaping the enemy minus only a mouthful of fur.

The Missionary Apple Tree.

In the rectory garden of Pysford, near Woking, England, there stands what is familiarly known as the missionary apple tree. The tree is a large one and of a good age and has been so named for the reason that for many years past it has been the custom of the rector of the parish to collect the fruit, sell it in the best market and devote the proceeds to the missionary societies of the Church of England. Quite a large sum of money has been raised in this way, and the apples, which are of the Blenheim orange variety, always find a ready sale at excellent prices among the gentry and farmers of the district.

African Natives and Salt.

To obtain salt the Bakalulua and other African natives burn banana leaves and certain grasses and, collecting the ashes, place them in a large funnel ingeniously made from large banana leaves. Through this they percolate water and then evaporate the filtered water by boiling, obtaining a fairly white salt composed of a very small amount of chloride of sodium and a very large amount of chlorate of potash and other salts. Prior to the advent of the traders and the missionaries this was the only salt they had to satisfy the natural craving of a vegetable eating people.

Inseparable Words.

"Say," asked the red faced man in the hotel writing room. "How do you spell 'unmitigated'?"

"Why," replied the stranger next to him, "it's u-n-m-i-t—say, my friend, I wouldn't advise you to call a man a liar of any sort in a letter. You'll get yourself in trouble."—Philadelphia Press.

A Born Growler.

"How's all the folks?"

"All well, but—the measles is in the neighborhood."

"Well, you orter be thankful you're a-livin'."

"I reckon so, but—we've all got to die."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Repeater.

Jim—Would you call a man who steals another man's funny stories or his plots and uses them a literary thief?

Jams—No, I would call him a second story man.—Baltimore Herald.

By Frank H. Sweet

Copyright, 1902, by the S. S. McClure [illegible]

"Do you think Malabar will win?"

The girl [illegible] her lips began to [illegible]. The face of the man [illegible] toward her grew [illegible] was the darkest [illegible] of purpose.

"Perhaps if he knew what you have told me," [illegible] "Malabar [illegible] brave and [illegible] It would not [illegible]."

"I promised [illegible] that he should run [illegible] at the green corn dance. I [illegible] did not know [illegible]" looking piteously [illegible] the [illegible] face above her. "Malabar would not stoop to a small [illegible] But this is not [illegible] He has let it be known that he will run for me. He would not turn from his purpose a hair's breadth and if he saw something in front that would crush him. And and it [illegible] for a great warrior, Ankona, but it is hard."

"We will fly, White Egret, into the deepest fastnesses of the Everglades!" he cried hoarsely. "There are places where even Malabar's relentless arms would be powerless."

But White Egret only looked at him with [illegible] eyes.

"We are [illegible] Ankona," she replied gently. "You know our laws. You would be the last one to break them."

His arm fell back impotent. Yes, he would be the last one to break them.

"Perhaps Malabar will not be proof against the black drink this time," he suggested. "It has killed and it will be made strong." Others have died. But, no, no! Malabar is a great chief and a better man [illegible] the tribe [illegible] He has tasted the black drink before and will not die."

"You say well, Ankona," broke in a stern, powerful voice, and a figure, dark, towering and implacable, stepped from the gathering shadows. "I shall not fall before the black draft. It would not be a fit ending for a warrior."

White Egret threw back her head and regarded him steadily. Ankona bowed his head.

"You heard all?" he questioned in a strained voice.

"All," calmly. "It was childish prattle. I shall run for the White Egret, for have I not said it and has she not made her promise? It is only when we forget our promises that we become weak and childish. Ankona is young yet and [illegible] shall be honored. I will let him run the race with me and will give him one third the distance start as due to his weakness. Now go!"

They went [illegible] despairing glance [illegible] each other. Ankona's face was [illegible] hopeless with [illegible] forebowed edge of utter inability to cope with this man of iron will and strength. Better be crushed than allowed to exist by sufferance.

Other forms were appearing from the forest—warriors in full headdress and leggings, carrying the guns they had purchased from white traders; squaws with camp equipage; medicine men stalking solemnly and mysteriously, with eyes bent upon the ground; children and dogs, some from the camp on White River bay, some from Okeechobee, some from the shifting camp among the keys, all coming for the great annual green corn dance, where tribal laws were to be made, marriages celebrated and criminals punished.

These criminals were now moving unwatched, unnoticed, in many cases unknown even among the others. Whatever crime they had committed during the year had gone unpunished at the time, but now tribal honor brought them here to expiate their misdeeds. On the morrow they would be placed in closely shut tents and almost suffocated with steam made by pouring water upon hot stones. After that they would drink of the black draft. If they died, they were guilty. On the other hand, if they were strong enough to survive, their innocence would be clearly established. Later the racing for wives would take place.

Malabar was known to every one—revered, feared, honored. All knew that he was to race for a wife and that before the race he was to drink the dreaded black draft. Ordinarily they would have scoffed at such absurdity. If a man drank and lived, it would be a notable proof of strength, but to drink and live and then race for a wife! As to his crime, it was only what any of them would have done if brave enough. He had killed a man. True, but he had been provoked. He must be punished, for that was the law, but they did not wish him harm.

And they all knew Ankona, the gentle one, the dreamer and story maker, and, though none of them revered or feared him, they all had a tender place for him in their hearts. If he could race with White Egret and win her, they would be glad. But Malabar came first, for White Egret herself had made it so.

Malabar was the first who presented himself for punishment. While he was in the closed tent the tribe stood about silent, with eyes furtively watching the point whence the condemned would walk forth innocent or be brought forth guilty.

At length the tent flap was raised, and he staggered out. For a moment he stood there in the sunlight, his hand to his head, swaying blindly. Then they saw him throw his shoulders back with a mighty effort, as one whose will was strong enough to cast off the weight of all things. Slowly he turned away from them and strode into the forest to be by himself. That, too, was Malabar's way.

Not until the moccasins were brought forth did Malabar reappear.

"I will race for my squaw at once," he called in a voice that all could hear, "before the White Egret grows weak through waiting, and I shall give her one half the distance start because she is a woman. Ankona will also enter the race with me, and I will give him one third the distance because he is but half a man. Let them be placed."

The spectators stared and gasped. Ankona, his rival, to enter the race and to be given one third the distance, and White Egret, the fleet footed, to be given one half! No one could win a race thus handicapped. And yet was it not Malabar?

He swept them with his glance.

"I shall win," he said confidently, "because I will have it so."

Ankona had been watching him with baleful eyes. For an instant he drew back as though to spurn the concession. Then, as he saw White Egret being led forward to her place, he hurried to his own position.

And for a brief space after the signal was given and they were speeding on with straining muscles he had a wild, insane belief that he would win.

But only for a brief space. Then came that steady, accelerating, implacable rush behind, drawing nearer and nearer, then opposite, then passing. When three-fourths of the distance had been covered, Malabar was four march paces ahead. Suddenly he turned. White Egret was almost within his reach.

"Stop, Ankona!" Malabar called. "Have I not won?"

Ankona did not answer.

"Have I not won?" sternly.

"Yes, Malabar, you have won." Ankona answered, and his voice was full of a great despair.

"It is well. Now you may go on and catch the girl. Malabar will have no squaw who does not come to him willingly."

And he turned [illegible] from the race and strode [illegible] forest.

Some Remarkable Guns.

At the siege of Rhodes the Turks constructed [illegible] cavities in the solid rock at the [illegible] angle, and in the [illegible] trophy of the [illegible] of Valetta, in a Turkish gun about a six pounder, composed of a copper tube coiled over with strong rope and "jacketed" with rawhide. In the same collection are some antique "quick firers," breechloaders, with small bores and immensely long barrels, like punt guns. The Malay pirates put great trust in the long brass swivel guns called "lela," and in Borneo these lelas were used as a kind of currency, large sums being estimated in guns.

The Chinese cast excellent bronze guns (there is a fine specimen of them in Devonport dockyard), but so little did they understand gunnery that in the so called "opium war" the forts of the Bocca Tigris, defending the Canton river, had the guns built immovably into the walls. The Sikh gunners opposed to us in the two Punjab wars, though they loaded with amazing recklessness, shoveling in the powder from open boxes, stuck to their guns to the last. The blood of the first man killed was smeared on the gun, and the whole detachment died beside it sooner than retreat.—Chambers' Journal.

His Pet Superstition.

"Superstition seems to be connected in the minds of most people with women, ladders, rabbits' feet and horseshoes," said the young girl at the piano. "As a matter of fact, however, I know that men are fully as superstitious as the women of my acquaintance, and sometimes more so. One young man of my acquaintance, for instance, who has literary yearnings and who feels sure he could astonish the public with his brilliant stories if he could only get some editor to accept them, spends his summers in the country gathering inspiration, local color and—four leaf clovers. When winter comes he returns to his hallroom in the city, writes stories by the wholesale and dispatches with each consignment to the editors a four leaf clover. Sometimes the articles are accepted, and then the writer ascribes his success to the talisman. More often, however, they are returned, with the mascot in a more or less crumpled condition, and he spends what leisure hours he has in trying to figure out why it is those clovers don't work every time. Never for a moment does he ascribe failure to any faults in his manuscripts. Isn't that the limit in the way of superstition?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Batch of Anecdotes.

Some interesting anecdotes and gossip, new and old, of the law courts are given in the English Illustrated Magazine. The writer of the article, Mr. A. J. Hughes, was once present in court when a juror who opened the ball by saying, "This case, my lord, really lies in a nutshell," received the reply, "You crack it then."

There have been times when clever witnesses have got the better of counsel in a skirmish of words. When the farrier was asked where he got his knowledge of the mare's age from, he said, "From the mare's own mouth, sir."

Irish lawyers are generally endowed by Dame Nature with quick wits. Among them all, perhaps, Curran held the palm for lightness and vivacity. When some one told him that no student should be called to the bar who did not possess a landed estate of his own, he retorted, "How many acres make a wiseacre?"

But it was a Scotsman, appropriately enough Lord Brougham, who, seeing his horses take fright, yelled to the coachman, "Drive into something cheap!"

A MARINE AUTOCRAT.

The Captain of the Battleship and His Absolute Authority.

Over [illegible] captain [illegible] authority. All his accomplishments [illegible] those of the seaman, for his directs [illegible] movement of the ship in all evolutions, and his decision upon all professional points is final. His responsibility at all times is grave and exacting. In time of war it will strain the stoutest nerves. In the hour of battle it is nothing short of appalling when he stands alone in his conning tower having control of all the tremendous forces lying latent in his ship only to be released at the proper moment by a touch of his hand. He is the guiding spirit of an enormous projectile of 15,000 tons that rushes through the water at a speed it may be of fifteen knots, and he knows that the slightest mistake of his head or hand may mean a national disaster.

But besides being the naval and military chief of the establishment he is a lawyer, a kind of justice of the peace as it were, who holds court every morning, [illegible] reports and [illegible] and [illegible] punishment to the guilty. The delinquents are brought to the "mast" on the quarter deck with their accusers. Both sides are heard, and swift judgment usually follows. In this capacity it will be noted that the captain is court, judge and jury. Not infrequently he acts as clergyman and as such is the bishop of his diocese, as knowledge [illegible] ecclesiastical superior, reading the service on Sundays, officiating at the burial of his dead and in the old days occasionally marrying lovers.—Lieutenant Commander Gleaves in World's Work.

A Case of Interpretation.

"What shall we do with the prisoner?" demanded the spokesman of the mob. "Do thou, O royal chamberlain, haste to the presence of his majesty and learn his wish."

The royal chamberlain hurried to the presence and bowed himself thrice to the floor; then he asked the monarch's pleasure regarding the desperate outlaw.

"Away with him!" said the king in a loud, harsh voice.

But the chamberlain was something of a humorist, and when he returned to the mob he laughingly announced that in regard to the misdoings with the prisoner the king had said only that it was "a way with him."

Whereupon the mob reluctantly released their quarry.

But in trying to explain the joke to the obtuse king the royal chamberlain became confused and completely lost his head.—Baltimore American.

Color of Judas' Hair.

In very early times all pictures of Judas were shown with great shocks of red hair falling down well on the shoulders. This and the fact that the Judas in the "Miracle Plays" was provided with a red hirsute worked the superstitious people of the middle ages up to such a degree that it was actually unsafe for a red haired person to appear in company. Seeing that things were coming to a serious pass, writers of all classes began to rebuke and denounce "the senseless prejudice against those of lively colored hair." Cyrano de Bergerac in his "States and Empires of the Sun" boldly praised and glorified the despised color in the following words: "A brave head covered with red hair is nothing else but the sun in the midst of his rays, yet many speak ill of it because few have the honor to be so."

Some Examples of "Nerve."

In a recent big libel case the foreman of the jury received a letter from a publican, apparently otherwise sane, asking him to insure that the jury should find for the defendant because he had a heavy bet on the result, and this astonishing epistle was read in court. It is interesting to note that the writer lost his bet anyhow. Equally bland was the request once made to Mr. Balfour during his premiership to have dismissed from the commission of the peace a justice who had very properly sentenced the author of the request, a notorious ruffian, to a stiff term of imprisonment for sending begging letters.—London Answers.

Cautious.

A lawyer happened to be acquainted with a juror in a petty civil case, and he met him during a recess of the court. The lawyer was just "lighting up," and under ordinary circumstances he would have offered the other a cigar unhesitatingly, but it occurred to him that it might not look right.

"I suppose," he said guardedly, "that a cigar would not influence your verdict?"

The juror was equally cautious.

"A good one wouldn't," he replied, "but a poor one might prejudice me."

He got a good cigar.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Poor Mamma.

The Dear Child—Oh, Mrs. Bloom, when did you get back?

Mrs. Bloom—Bless you, dear, I was not away anywhere. What made you think so?

The Dear Child—I thought you were. I heard my mamma say that you were at loggerheads with your husband for over a week.

Absolutely Past Hope.

"She is the most inconsistent woman I ever knew."

"Never does what she ought to or what you expect, eh?"

"That is just it. Sometimes she does. She is inconsistently inconsistent."

Beware of the man who offers you advice at the expense of a mutual friend.

None are less eager to learn than they who know nothing.—Suard.

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BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

LOT'S STRATEGY

By SUSAN BROWN ROBBINS

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"I don't know what it is," said Lot despairingly.

"Imagination," returned his sister shortly.

Lot turned on her. "Look here, Maria Banes," he said almost fiercely. "You pride yourself on your faculty for seeing things. You've been here three days, and haven't you seen that there was something come between us since you were here before and that she has stopped caring anything about me?" His voice broke at the last words, and he turned away from her.

Maria looked at his back, and there was an expression on her face of mingled pity, contempt and amusement.

"I've been here three days, Lot," she said quietly, "and I've seen that you are a pair of fools [illegible]. But before I go I want to [illegible] you if you have [illegible] caring for her."

Lot [illegible] at her with indignation, [illegible] words.

"[illegible]," said his sister in a tone of [illegible]. "If you had it would be a serious state of affairs, but as you haven't, I don't see any difficulty."

"You [illegible] that she isn't happy?" he [illegible] at length.

"Y[illegible]"

"But, don't you see, it must be me, because she doesn't see anybody else, hardly."

She settled herself more comfortably on the [illegible] and began to speak deliberately. "[illegible] you know that when two people, I don't care who they are, live on a lonely farm and don't see anybody but each other for weeks at a time [illegible] that they are bound to get to [illegible] imagine all sorts of [illegible] themselves [illegible]."

[illegible] Lot [illegible]

[illegible] over the farm [illegible] the day. I'll see to [illegible] you are gone and I'll put up a [illegible]. Show her all you [illegible] to do. Take her to the pretty places and, most of all, make love to her as though your life depended on it."

"I don't believe she'd go. I couldn't persuade her. You've no idea how set she is."

Maria looked at her brother scornfully. "Perhaps you never heard of such a thing as strategy."

She turned away and walked out of the barn.

For a long time he stood looking at his Grandfather Stetson's old covered wagon. It had been considered an elegant affair in its day, but now it was seldom taken out except when some of the children came home at Thanksgiving or for short visits.

He took out his jackknife and opened it, felt of the edge, then got into the wagon and knelt down on the seat. Very carefully, and following the thread in the cloth, he cut a slit two inches long in the back of the seat. He picked at the cotton batting stuffing with the point of his knife. Then he let the flap go back in place, the cotton batting showing a little all along the cut. "That looks very natural," he muttered.

The next morning Lot spoke to his sister when Eunice was in another room. "Just as soon as the dew gets off some," he said, and she nodded. After breakfast she carried to the barn a large covered basket, a demijohn of [illegible] with a look of comprehension. Soon cold tea, a shawl and her sister-in-law's sunbonnet. These Lot helped her stow away under the back seat.

At 9 o'clock Lot came into the house. "I'm going to start off with the old covered wagon in a little while," he said, "and I find there's a tear or a cut in the back of the seat. Do you suppose you could mend it?"

Eunice went to get her workbasket. She found a piece of green cloth and pulled some ravelings from it; then she went out and got into the covered wagon and set quietly and patiently to work.

Lot watched her furtively from the barn. When he thought she was nearly half through he began harnessing with feverish haste. What if she should get through too soon? She looked around as he backed the horse into the shafts.

"I'm not quite through yet, Lot," she said mildly.

"Don't hurry," he answered. He waited with the reins in his hand until she had taken the last stitch; then he jumped in, sat down beside her and spoke to the horse. Eunice half started to her feet, but he laid his hand gently on her arm, and she sank back again.

"We are going to ride over the farm," he said quietly.

He drove on, talking rapidly about his plans, recalling incidents of the haymaking and speaking of the getting in of the ensilage.

Eunice was silent, and in spite of his lively chatter Lot was anxious.

In the middle of the pasture Lot stopped the horse and glanced about. Some of the cows were feeding near, and they lifted their heads to look with big, inquiring eyes.

"Pretty good looking cattle, I call them," he said proudly. He paused. His face was quiet, white and agitated, and he did not dare look at his wife.

"I always thought an awful lot o' Buttercup," said Eunice in her sweet, gentle voice. "I liked her looks so well that I learned her to drink and took all the care of her myself."

"Yes," he said, "I remember, and I was a good thing that you did take charge of her. She's made a fine cow." His voice grew curiously husky, and he spoke almost sharply to the horse. "Get up, Nell."

As they went slowly through the pasture the cows one by one dropped their noses to their feeding again. Eunice gazed about her eagerly, a new light in her face. "Oh," she sighed contentedly, "it is a lovely day!"

The cart path was very rough, and the wagon bounced and pitched along, the overhanging bushes and young trees brushing against its top and sides. Eunice laughed like a child and now and then gave an involuntary little scream.

Lot laughed too. "I guess I'll have to put my arm around you," he said. And he drew her close, driving with his free hand.

"Isn't this fun?" she laughed. "And it won't hurt the wagon, either. How did you happen to think of such a nice idea?"

"Why didn't I think of it years ago?" he returned evasively. "I ought to have, with the poor little wife kept at home with a weak ankle."

"I have wanted to see the farm awfully," she said, nestling up to him as his arm went around her again, "but I didn't see how I could, and I never expected to."

Suddenly she impulsively threw her arms about his neck and buried her face on his shoulder with a little sob.

"It's awful silly," she murmured, "for folks as old as we are to get so spoony; but I thought I'd got a notion that you'd got [illegible] over caring anything about me, and I'm so glad to find it [illegible]."

As for Lot, he held his wife close, and in his heart was a great joy.

Obstinacy.

"One of the most remarkable cases in my experience," said a country doctor, "was an old woman in a fisherman's hut on the Carolina shore. It was a long, dreary drive of ten miles, and when I reached the place I found that the only occupant besides the sick woman was a slip of a girl who was utterly worn out by weeks of care and nursing. I examined the patient and found every sign of early dissolution. Her pulse was growing feebler, and it was only a question of a few hours, it [illegible], before the end would come. The idea of the girl being left alone [illegible] that her [illegible] and I decided to [illegible] with her even though the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to do.

"'Won't she get well?' asked the girl after I had explained as tactfully as I could.

"'No,' I replied. 'She will not get well. She will die tonight.'

"Just then there was a feeble movement on the bed, and a thin, angry voice drawled out: 'It ain't so. I won't die. I expect to eat the goose that eats the grass off of your grave.'

"Oh, yes. She's quite well now, and she does not hesitate to tell me how much she likes goose."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Dickens and His Work.

Light is thrown upon the unfinished condition of Dickens' "Mystery of Edwin Drood" by the following story told by a surviving friend:

"I ventured to ask him what method he pursued in the composition of works and if they were all completed before going to press. 'By no means,' he replied. 'They are not written beyond the part that is to be published at a given time. But the plot, the motive of the book, is always perfected in my brain for a long time before I take up my pen. I add a great deal to the original idea as I work on, but as I always know the end of the beginning I can safely commit my work in parts to the press.'"

"'But suppose,' I stammered, with just a little awe and wonderment in my voice (only the temerity of youth could have induced me to say such a thing), 'suppose you died before all your work was written?'"

"'A-h!' he said, and paused, then added, 'That has occurred to me at times,' and again the long, future piercing look seemed to be penetrating the golden haze. Then he turned his kindly glance on me and said cheerfully, 'One can only work on, you know—work while it is day.'"

They Agreed.

To his valet no man is a hero. Even his caddie is apt to hold the highest in very low estimation. The latter discovery was made the other day by a certain legal luminary who already had quite a modest opinion of his own abilities, though he has been for many years an ornament of the bench and is himself the son of a judge. During his off days he usually divides his energies between golf and dairy farming. On the occasion in question it happened to be golf, and not being in his usual form he made a very bad foozle.

He gazed incredulously at the ground, looked inquiringly at his club and having apparently solved the difficult problem faced his caddie and exclaimed with emphasis, "Well, I am an ass!" The caddie, startled out of a dream of bliss, was too well trained to contradict his employer, so he solemnly replied, "Yes, sir!" The man of law had overlooked the other's existence, but this candid opinion recalled him to earth. He looked at the caddie and the caddie looked at him for a brief second. Then both burst into a shout of laughter. The humor of the situation had struck them simultaneously.—London Tatler.

A Humorous Mixture.

In a Scotch church an old minister who was very deaf was also very anxious to introduce some new hymnbooks into the church and asked his precentor to give out the notice immediately after the sermon. The precentor, having a notice of his own, gave out that members of the congregation wishing to have their children baptized were to send their names into the vestry. The old minister, thinking that it was the notice about the hymnbooks, stood up and said, "And I wish to say, for the benefit of those who have not any, that they may be had in the vestry any afternoon, between the hours of 3 and 4—ordinary little ones at a shilling each, and special little ones, with red backs, at one and three."

INACTIVE OLD AGE.

More Conducive to Dreariness Than to Shortening Life.

There is far more evidence for the belief in the [illegible] of old age after active work [illegible] a fatal aside [illegible] for the shortening of life [illegible] from the enforced inactivity. Two notable instances and perhaps freer from doubt than most as to whether it is ennui alone that kills and not the disease of old age or a more specific malady are those of Napoleon the Great and Bismarck. The one lived six years in St. Helena, the other eight years at Friedrichsruh, each "eating out his heart." If ever there were men who ought on the supposition to have been killed by the total suspension of their activities, these two ought to have been, but it would be extremely difficult to show that they were. Though Napoleon was no more than fifty three, yet it was the specific disease of cancer of the stomach of which he died, and the connection between his exiled loneliness and the direct cause of his death does not seem very apparent. On the other hand, Bismarck at the age of seventy five, when he was dismissed from the chancellorship, could not have had a likelihood of more prolonged years than he actually achieved out of office even if he had continued in office until the end. A wise man if not too [illegible] will never [illegible] actual life. There are [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] type [illegible] can show us.—Saturday Review.

Freak of a Thunderbolt.

The annals of a French [illegible] of science tell of a tailor's adventure with a thunderbolt. He lived in a house provided with two chimneys, one for a fireplace and the other for a stove, the latter not in use. During a thunderstorm a tremendous report was heard, and everybody thought that the house had been struck by lightning. Instead, a blue flaming ball dropped into the fireplace and rolled out into the room, seemingly about six inches above the floor. The terrified [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and it exploded while on its gyrating passage through the room.

Learn From the Animals.

Learn of the animals. The horse teaches us to be silent under punishment and patient in suffering. From the lion we learn bravado. From the cat we learn to prowl at night. From the dog we learn how to be faithful to a friend. The camel teaches us abstinence. The elephant teaches us how to be calm in adversity. The hippopotamus teaches us repose. The shy little rabbit teaches us how to die without a murmur. The antelope teaches us the foolishness of idle curiosity. The leopard teaches us the evils of gluttony. The ant teaches us industry and wisdom in counsel. The hen teaches us to go in out of the wet (yet I have seen fool hens which did not know the difference between sunshine and rain). Some men might learn of hogs how to be gentlemen.—New York Press.

Fully Qualified.

The story is told of a man who by some unaccountable blunder by the appointing authority was made judge of a labor court.

He could neither read nor write, but that did not give him any uneasiness, although it aroused some fears in the breast of his wife.

"What are you going to do when there's any reading or writing comes into cases?" she timidly inquired.

"The folks that bring the readin' will read it, and the folks that want the writin' will write it," calmly replied his honor, "or if they can't I shall commit 'em. All I've got to attend to, Hitty, is the judgin', and I can do that as quick as anybody."

The Worship of the Moon.

The Moslem still slaps his hands at the sight of the new moon and mutters a prayer, although the Koran appears to forbid the practice in the words, "Bend not in adoration of the sun or moon." Herodotus accuses the ancient Persians of being moon worshipers, and, though they denied the practice, the following passage from the Zend Avesta would seem to be conclusive: "We sacrifice to the new moon, the holy and master of holiness; we sacrifice to the full moon, the holy and master of holiness."

Punctuality a Thief of Time.

Mr. Max Hecht writes: "On Thursday of last week at 3:30, the hour fixed for the rehearsal of 'Trial by Jury,' I met Mr. Gilbert at the stage door of the Lyric and congratulated him on his punctuality. 'Don't,' he replied, 'I have lost more time through being punctual than through anything else.'"—London M. A. P.

Conclusive Argument.

First Office Boy—I guess de boss will raise my pay.

Second Office Boy—What makes yer t'ink so?

First Office Boy—I give him ter understand I'd stay till he did.—Judge.

Initials.

Enrolling Officer—What is your name?

Recruit—Owen Espy Casey.

Enrolling Officer (with evident irritation)—Shoot a few of those initials! O. N. S. P. K. C. what?—Chicago Tribune.

Sure Thing.

"Name the world's greatest composer," said the musical instructor.

"Chloroform," promptly replied the young man who had studied medicine.

If society took better care of its poor out of jail there would be less need of jails or jailers.—Boston Transcript.

Women's hearts are like yale locks—no two alike, and but one man carries the key to fit.

REFLECTIONS.

A wife often permits her affection to blind her reason.

Regard for petty things often will dwarf a grand ambition.

A woman's love can become annoying as well as burdensome.

Marriage based on honest affection will withstand the ravages of time.

When a woman gives way to anger, she begs her own pardon with tears.

Many women find happiness only when attending to the affairs of others.

Confidence is not easily gained where exaggerated love of self is found to exist.

To decide between love and duty has caused hours of worry to men as well as to women.

The man with a vice wonders why so many persons think it their duty to make public the fact.

Man often shows the hard side of his disposition to mark more strongly the generous shades.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Poker Friends.

"No, I am not popular any more with the gang," mourned a business man who used to entertain largely at poker. "I haven't touched a card in seven years. The friends I made at the poker table were near and dear to me. When I lived on the seventh floor of a tenement, they flocked to me nightly, climbing the stairs with a tank [illegible]. When I moved to the Bronx, they followed me. When I settled in Jamaica, the ride to my home did not seem too long for them, nor did they mind the journey home at 3 or 4 in the morning. When I realized that I was supporting them with my losses, I tore up the cards and cracked the chips with a hammer. When, lo! behold, every mother's son of them knew me no more! I lived so far away that it was impossible to find time to come to visit me. I am sure that if I [illegible] a poker game in the darkest cell in the bottom of the bottomless pit they would have come to play with me [illegible] their friendship is only necessary to [illegible] of the [illegible]."—New York Press.

The Etiquette of Cues.

[illegible] It is an unpardonable breach of etiquette for an inferior to enter the presence of a superior with his cue wound round his neck or head, as it is frequently disposed of during work, and the greatest insult one man can offer another is to pull his cue. It seems very odd to see sailors and soldiers on ship or in barracks combing each other's long tresses or coolies at the street corners performing the same friendly office. [illegible] for a man to wear a beard and mustache until he becomes a grandfather.

He Got Up.

There is a keen knowledge of human nature in the following bit of fun from the Lewiston Journal, but no more than might be expected from a down east tavern keeper who has had a long experience with autumnal sportsmen, of whom many are called, but few get up:

A mighty hunter from Boston "put up" at a quaint little Maine hostelry and left word in the office that he wished to be called at half past 4 in the morning. Sharp at that time the next morning came a thundering rap at his door.

"All righ'! I'll be down in a minute!" called a muffled voice from under the quilts.

"You get up here now and sign this receipt!" commanded Uncle Cy.

"Receipt? What receipt?" demanded a very wideawake voice, and the bed squeaked loudly.

"Waal," grunted Uncle Cy, "I don't calkerlate to have ye humping down to the office at 8 o'clock declaring that ye ain't been called."

Luniolatry In China.

In China the practice of luniolatry exists at the present day and is of very early origin. The chief festival, that of Yueping, or moon cakes, is held during the eighth month of the Chinese year. Persons make cakes of various sizes in the shape of the moon and paint different figures upon them. Friends and relatives pay visits to one another, give entertainments and present their cakes after making protestations and pouring out oblations to the moon.

It is very remarkable that a verse of one of the Jewish prophets should be explained by this Chinese custom. "The children gather wood," said the seer, "and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough to make cakes to the queen of heaven."

The Self Effacing Act.

Myer—In olden time it is said that it was possible for a man to render himself invisible.

Gyer—Pshaw! That's not at all remarkable. Men in this country are doing it every day.

Myer—You don't tell me! How do they manage it?

Gyer—By marrying famous women.—Chicago News.

Significant.

In a well known thoroughfare in London outside of a noted restaurant there might be seen the following notice:

"This is the best restaurant in London! Our fish cannot be approached!" —London King.

Today.

Today is a king in disguise. Today always looks mean to the thoughtless, in the face of a uniform experience that all good and great and happy actions are made up precisely of these blank todays.

A High Testimonial.

Lady (engaging a maid)—Was your last mistress satisfied with you?

Maid—Well, mum, she said she was very pleased when I left.

Effort and Its Effect.

It pays to think. It is like putting money out at interest. Dollars make dollars, and thoughts make other thoughts. We are so accustomed to having the world reward us for things we do in dollars that we forget there is such a reward as brains, mental growth. Happy the one who sees all these things in their proper light, who recognizes in every failure a lesson learned, in every effort a reward, be it only a little speck of mental energy.

STATIONERY.

I have just received an elegant line of new Stationery in boxes.

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